Sept. 2, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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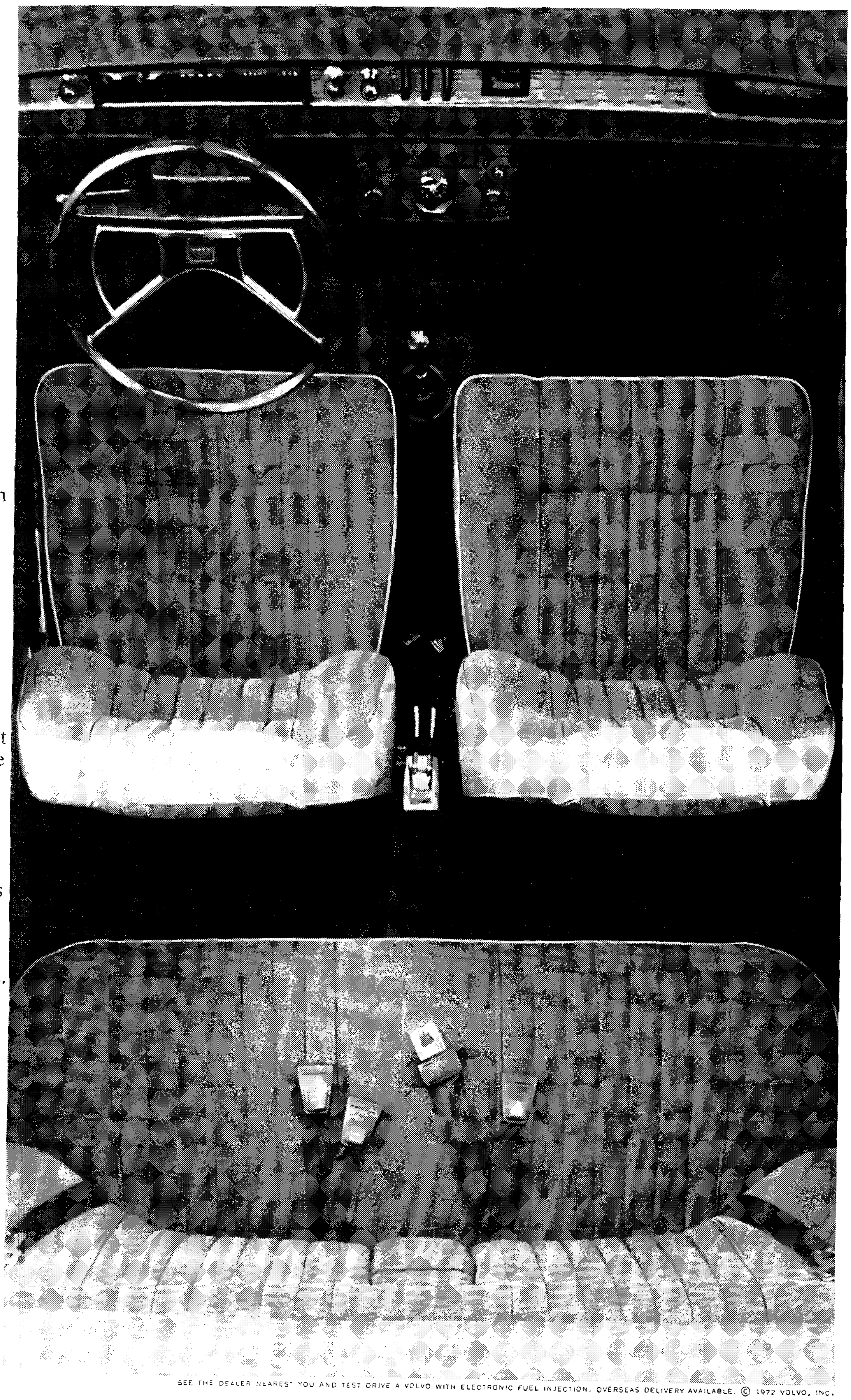

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aesop's Fables—A rock opera with a score by William Russo and a text by Jon Swan, and done by the Performing Ensemble of the Chicago Free Theatre. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 7, 10, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays, except Sept. 5, through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—A surprisingly conventional comedy, with occasional songs, by the unconventional Melvin Van Peebles. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Real Inspector Hound and After Magritte—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there is a superior performance by William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sometimes a Hard Head Makes a Soft Behind—An all-black play by J. E. Gaines. The setting is Harlem. There is one strong scene in which the dramatist himself appears as a deadly calm, menacing pusher, but the other scenes, for all the authenticity of their details, are not very strong. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse is worth watching, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3, at 3 and 7:30. Moves on Monday, Sept. 11, to the Booth, 45th St., W., 246-5969, where previews will be given Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 11-12, at 7:30, and Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 2 and 7:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 14.)

Long Runs—**The Fantasticks:** 5,134 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **Godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 17
"FACING REALITY" . . . . *Gilbert Rogin* 23
"TIDE AT GLOUCESTER" (POEM) . . . . *Jean Garrigue* 24
"AN AFTERNOON WITH THE OLD MAN" . . . . *Andre Dubus* 27
PROFILES (MARILYN HORNE) . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 31
"BUSINESS HOURS" (POEM) . . . . *Keith Waldrop* 32
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 46
U.S. JOURNAL: AMERICAN COLONY, GUADALAJARA . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 50
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 55
LETTER FROM MIAMI BEACH . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 56
"VISION AND TRANSFORMATION" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Dana* 62
MUSICAL EVENTS (ROCK, ETC.) . . . . *Ellen Willis* 65
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 68
  BRIEFLY NOTED 71

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

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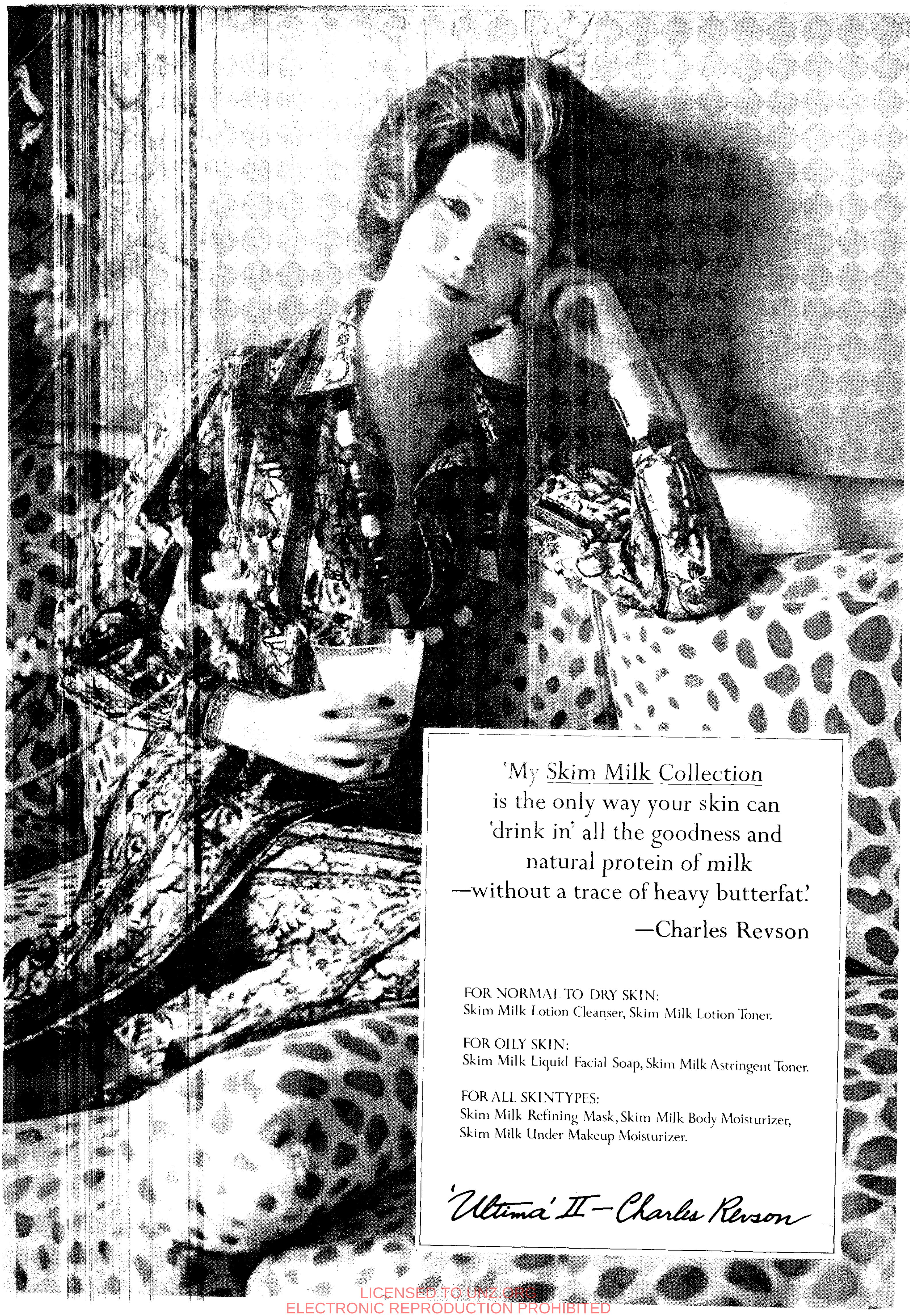

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natural protein of milk
—without a trace of heavy butterfat.'

—Charles Revson

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FOR ALL SKINTYPES:
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Skim Milk Under Makeup Moisturizer.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Art Carney and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays and Thursday, Aug. 31, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

ANTONIO GADES SPANISH DANCE COMPANY—A two-week engagement that starts Wednesday, Sept. 6, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

RODEO—Calf-roping, saddle-bronc-riding, steer-wrestling, girls' barrel-racing, and more. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 6-8, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	31	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—David Blue, a singer and songwriter who led the American Patrol some five years ago, has been mining richer ores in more recent times. He will share the bill with Jackson Browne, another significant young composer and singer, through Monday, Sept. 4. John Prine, whose lyrics sometimes get a little weird, opens Wednesday, Sept. 6. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Pianist-composer Bobby Timmons will lead a trio Wednesday, Aug. 30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 5-6. Pianist Cedar Walton will do the same Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 31-Sept. 3. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Through Saturday, Sept. 2, Warren Chiasson will be on vibes and Jimmy Garrison on bass. Mondays, Patti Wicks plays piano while Duke Cleamons handles a bass. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A polished, comfortable restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Aug. 30-Sept. 2, and Sept. 6-9, drummer Al Foster will head a threesome. Music from ten until closing, but Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays are silent. The menu is soulful.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, one of the finest, is at the Steinway, doing perfected pieces of music with a bassist six nights a week from eight until one. On Sundays, Dick Katz, piano, and Lyn Christie, bass, take over. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Coffee and contemporaneity. Guitarist Larry Coryell directs his new group, Foreplay, through Sunday, Sept. 3. Mondays, a twenty-nine-piece band called Brownie's Revenge takes the stand.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A felicitous combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Tad Bruce does an earlier stint at the piano, playing for cocktails between five-thirty and eight. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Through Saturday, Sept. 2, Al Hanlon and Sal Salvador will team up on twin instruments. Guitarist Jimmy De Angeles will come in with a bassist on Tuesday, Sept. 5. Bill Matthews, a skilled classicist, trades sets with all these people. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the sheltering warehouses. Tenor sax man Buddy Tate will be conducting a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 2. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Through Saturday, Sept. 2, Lou Metcalf, Claude Hopkins, Pete Clarke, Freddie Moore, and Bobby Pratt will perform. On Tuesday, Sept. 5, the old gang—Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke—will rejoin Pratt, and things will be as they usually are. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Through Sunday, Sept. 3, a five-man band called New York Dolls will play. On Wednesday, Sept. 6, a four-girl group known as Birtha will arrive. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, there is a showcase for new talent, after which patrons may dance to recordings until two. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Dining downstairs.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Tuesday through Saturday, from eight until two, Barbara Carroll displays her very melodic, highly developed jazz-piano technique. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Suitable for dropping in when you're feeling informal and inclined toward easy-going jazz. Mel Dancy sings and plays piano, assisted by bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, Monday through Thursday from eight to one and Friday and Saturday from nine to two. Dining.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bill Rubenstein, an accomplished jazz pianist, is in charge of a trio every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Music from about nine. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Stan Getz, back in town, will be leading his quartet through Sunday, Sept. 3, and it's still the same old story: few other tenor saxes sound quite so serene. Mondays, the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson play Mondays through Wednesdays. Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some lively Dixieland every Sunday from seven to eleven. On Sunday, Sept. 3, trumpeter Herman Autrey will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some trumped-up nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only couscous is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side, but the live entertainment often has a Caesar's Palace quality. Three times a night, live people do pop material: Through Saturday, Sept. 2, Bourbon 'n Spice; starting Tuesday, Sept. 5, the Vix. Between sets, people move to records. Dancing begins at five. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Almost everything is on another level here, but that seems to be the point of the whole thing. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. A fairly full menu. Dancing to tapes from 11 A.M. until 3 A.M.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why three-inch heels can be seen shuffling about beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. On Thursday and Friday, Aug. 31-Sept. 1, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, David Brenner will fill in for Mr. D. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sunday through Thursday, Sept. 3-7.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The summertime fare here is a potpourri of young singers and comedians, who supply continuous entertainment from nine-thirty to closing. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—Some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing nightly in the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex. Nine to one are the hours. Drinks and snacks.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—At dinner and supper, Olga Guillot does a whirlwind recital of songs that are apt to glow in the dark. Los Muchachos de San Juan, a troupe of singers and dancers, are also on hand. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO ROOM,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **GREEN TULIP,** singer-guitarist Robert Miano disports himself nightly, from six through ten. Every night but Sunday, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** a violinist is on hand every night from five to seven and eight to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Sy Oliver, proud father of a band that looks over its shoulder at a wonderful past, is providing the past with a series of beautiful sunsets. On Tuesday, Sept. 5, singer Carmen McRae takes over. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 6, to install Mel Tormé, the skillful troubadour, during dinner and supper. The Burt Farber orchestra will be in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On Thursday, Sept. 7, the **ST. REGIS ROOM** will resume its career with the arrival of Mabel Mercer, getting her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round). From eight every night but Sunday and Monday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two each night but Sunday. Ernie Fortunato is his bassist. A gas-light flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays and Labor Day. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Gene Bradley. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from five to one Tuesdays through Fridays, and from six to two on Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one, and he will also substitute for Mr. Mullinax Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from five-thirty to two, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Mondays and Tuesdays) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He will be off duty Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 3. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

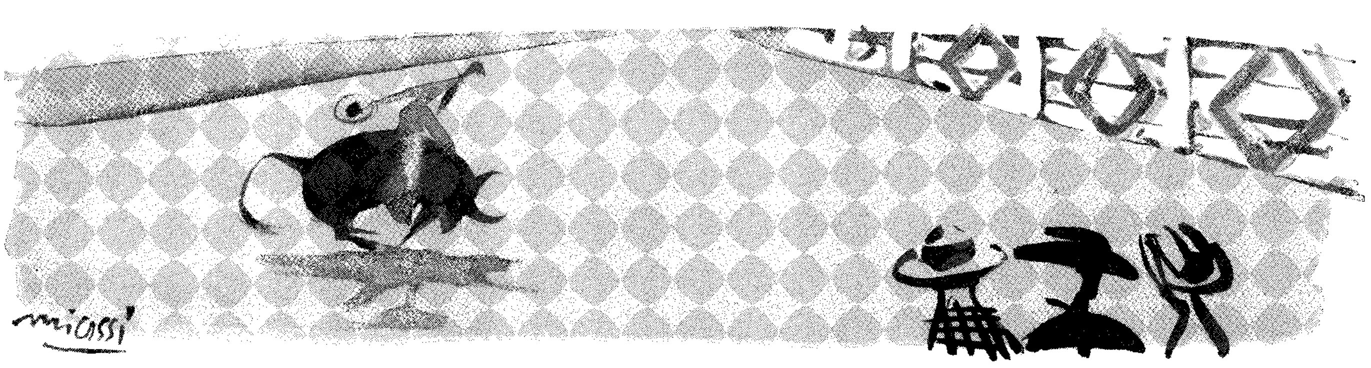
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maggie McCurdy / Luis Lopez-Loza—Three-dimensional fabric forms imprinted with de-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

signs. / Lyrical abstract canvases by a Mexican. First one-man shows. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Starts Tuesday, Sept. 5. Open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN ART**, 133 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, and prints by contemporary American Indians; through Sept. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)...¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays. ... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St. ... **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. ... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7, and Saturdays, 11 to 6. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. ... **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Goya portrait, "Pepito Costa y Bonells," is being shown in the European Paintings galleries....¶ A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Tuesday, Sept. 5....¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp (1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 10....¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Tuesday, Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11....¶ Collages, prints, and graphic designs and advertisements by Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948), a pioneer in collage, including examples from 1918 on through his last works, done in England; through Sept. 10....¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Tuesday, Sept. 5....¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sunday, Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11....¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Monday, Sept. 4....¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings by leading nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, among them William Sidney Mount, Thomas Moran, Eastman Johnson, Thomas Eakins, Noguchi, Nevelson, David Smith, and Slivka; through Nov. 5. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show designed to survey the work being created in the craft field today, offering a multitude of both functional and non-functional objects in diverse mediums; through Monday, Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays, except Sept. 5, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Abstract paintings by Gerard Tempest, based on responses to contemporary space explorations; through Sept. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of letters, photographs, maps, prints, designs, and books related to the career of Frederick Law Olmsted, in celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the landscape architect who invented Central Park; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three paintings/collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30....¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; through Sept. 17. (Mondays, except Labor Day, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Michael Devlin, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Charles Wilson....¶ Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, Salvador Novoa, and Bernard Fitch; Julius Rudel....¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Deborah Kieffer, John Stewart, Dominic Cossa, and Bernard Fitch; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Michael Devlin, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson....¶ Saturday, Sept. 2, at 8: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene....¶ Sunday, Sept. 3, at 1: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Kenneth Riegel, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Sunday, Sept. 3, at 7: "Susannah," with Maralin Niska, William Chapman, Harry Theyard, and Joaquin Romaguera; Julius Rudel....¶ Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8: "Maria Stuarda," with Beverly Sills, Pauline Tinsley, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson....¶ Friday, Sept. 8, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, William Chapman, and Salvador Novoa; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Craig, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene....¶ Saturday, Sept. 9, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Barbara Shuttleworth, Harry Theyard, and David Clatworthy; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

John Lennon, Yoko Ono, Roberta Flack, Richard Kiley, Stevie Wonder, Sha-Na-Na, the Isley

Brothers, and Elephant's Memory—With others, in a benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 2 and 8.)

José Feliciano—Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 3.

Lenox Arts Center—Joan Baez in the final concerts of the season. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3, at 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: The James Gang and Fabulous Rhinestones. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:30: Roberta Flack. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:30: Rare Earth and Sha-Na-Na. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 2, at 8:30: Ike and Tina Turner. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 3, at 8:30: Neil Diamond. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 4, at 8:30: Herbie Mann. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept 7, at 8: The Allman Brothers. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 8, at 8: Blood, Sweat and Tears. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 8: Pat Boone and his family. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Texas, Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7:30, and Thursday, Aug. 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, Sept. 1, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 2-3, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Chicago, Monday, Sept. 4, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Tuesday, Sept. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 8, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2:15.

College Football—Grambling vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2.)

Horse Shows—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Friday through Monday, Sept. 1-4.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 7-10.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 14. The Gazelle, Saturday, Sept. 2; the Governor, Monday, Sept. 4; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and noon, and Saturdays and Labor Day between 10:45 and 12:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 16.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Monday, Sept. 4, at noon.

Tennis—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 30, through Sunday, Sept. 10. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays, except Labor Day, at 8:15, and on Labor Day at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lila Acheson Wallace World of Birds—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily busi-

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Akron—*Holiday Inn-Cascade* Oct. 4, 5
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Birmingham—*Hotel Molton* Sept. 26, 27, 28, 29
Buffalo—*Statler Hilton* Oct. 6, 7†, 9†
Cleveland—*Statler Hilton* Sept. 29, 30†, Oct. 2, 3†
Charlotte—*White House Inn* Oct. 31*, Nov. 1, 2, 3
Columbus—*Neil House* Sept. 27, 28
Dallas—*Hotel Adolphus* Sept. 18*, 19, 20, 21†
Denver—*Brown Palace Hotel* Oct. 16*, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21
Detroit—*Sheraton Cadillac* Sept. 18*, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23†
Houston—*Texas State Hotel* Sept. 14*, 15, 16, 18, 19
Indianapolis—*Atkinson Hotel* Oct. 2*, 3†
Kansas City, Mo.—*Muehlebach* Oct. 4*, 5, 6, 7†
Louisville—*Seelbach Hotel* Oct. 6*, 7, 9, 10
Memphis—*Sheraton Peabody* Sept. 30*, Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5
Miami—*Hotel McAllister* Sept. 2, 5, 6, 7
Minneapolis—*Radisson Hotel* Oct. 9*, 10, 11, 12†
New Orleans—*Roosevelt Hotel* Sept. 8*, 9, 11, 12, 13
Omaha—*Blackstone Hotel* Oct. 13*, 14†
Philadelphia—*Bellevue Stratford* Oct. 20*, 21, 23, 24, 25
Phoenix—*Del Webb's Townehouse* Sept. 14*, 15, 16†
Portland—*Hotel Benson* Sept. 8*, 9, 11†
Richmond—*The John Marshall* Oct. 26*, 27, 28, 30
Rochester—*One Eleven East Avenue* Sept. 6, 7
San Antonio—*Gunter Hotel* Sept. 20*, 21, 22, 23†
San Diego—*Holiday Inn (downtown)* Sept. 12*, 13†
Seattle—*Hotel Olympic* Sept. 5*, 6, 7†
Syracuse—*Hotel Syracuse* Sept. 8, 9
Toledo—*Commodore Perry* Sept. 25, 26†
Tulsa—*Alvin Plaza* Sept. 22*, 23

Hours are from 9:30 to 5 unless specified.

*Opens at 1 p.m. this day. †Closes at 2 p.m. Last day closes at noon.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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3	4	5	6	7	8	9

ness happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 30 at 2: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (1936), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sidney. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 5:30: "Four Frightened People" (1934), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 2: "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Aug. 31 at 6:30: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 2: "Happiness" (1924), directed by King Vidor, with Laurette Taylor and Hedda Hopper. . . . ¶ Sept. 1 at 5:30 and Sept. 2 at noon: "The Tramp" (1915), "A Woman" (1915), "The Bank" (1915), and "Police" (1916), all Charlie Chaplin shorts. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 3: "Wild Oranges" (1924), directed by King Vidor. . . . ¶ Sept. 2 at 5:30: "Proud Flesh" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with Eleanor Boardman. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 12:30 and 3: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), directed by Leo McCarey, with Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Sept. 3 at 5:30 and Sept. 4 at 2: "Wild Oranges" (1924). . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 5:30: "The Sky Pilot" (1921), directed by King Vidor, with Colleen Moore. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 2: "The Street" (1923), directed by Karl Grune. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 5:30 and Sept. 6 at 2: "Conquering the Woman" (1922), directed by King Vidor, with Florence Vidor; French titles only. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 5:30: "The Street" (1923). . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 5:30: "The Patsy" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies and Marie Dressler. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 8: "Show People" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies and John Gilbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 6-7 at 4 and 6: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" (1957), directed by John Huston, with Robert Mitchum and Deborah Kerr. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Griffith, Hill, Kubelka, Hanoun, and others. Showings Sept. 5 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 6 at 6 and 8; and Sept. 7 at 6, 8, and 10.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of the final production of the season: MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, with Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes. Wild strawberries and wine. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE KING AND I, with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

New York Dance Festival—The first three in a series of eleven free performances—Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8: Charles Weidman Dance Company, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Violette Verdi and Helgi Tomasson, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 8: Atlanta Ballet, Dayton Ballet Company, Sacramento Civic Ballet, and six members of the National Ballet. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Central Park Mall—Emerson Buckley conducting Berlioz' "Beatrice and Benedict" in concert form, with Susan von Reichenbach and Susan Belling, sopranos; Batyah Godfrey, mezzo-soprano; William Metcalf, baritone; and others. The final concert of the season. (Monday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7 and 9:30: Richie Havens and Goose Creek Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2, at 7: Ginger Baker and Buddy Miles. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Bryant Park—Final performances—Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 12:15: Sal Pace. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 1, at 12:15: Howie Mann.

Gaelic Park—Deep Purple, Fleetwood Mac, and Silverhead. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 7. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Music and Dance—Presented by, mainly, the Alliance of Latin Arts. Through Sunday, Sept. 3: "Bye Bye Birdie." . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 4: "Puerto Rico Sings." (Fordham Plaza, Lincoln Center, Columbus Ave. at W. 60th St. Evenings at 8:15.)

Street-Theatre Festival—Performances by thirty community theatre troupes, some from as far away as Wisconsin. (Lincoln Center Plaza. Wednesday through Friday at 2:30 and 5:30, and Saturday and Sunday at 1, 2:30, and 5:30; through Sunday, Sept. 3.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, Sept. 1, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 17.

Flea Market—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

Deep Breathing—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Vs. St. Louis, Sept. 10 (day). Pittsburgh, Sept. 18-21 (night). Philadelphia, Sept. 22 (n) and Sept. 23-24 (d). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Vs. Boston, Sept. 12-13 (night). Baltimore, Sept. 15 (n) and Sept. 16-17 (day). Cleveland, Sept. 30-Oct. 1 (d). Milwaukee, Oct. 2-4 (n). . . . AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: Start Oct. 7. . . . WORLD SERIES: Starts Oct. 14 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Sept. 26, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Oct. 3, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Oct. 10 (first official game of the season). . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Oct. 14. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nets vs. Boston, Sept. 30, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Oct. 6, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Oct. 13 (first official game of the season).

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Muhammad Ali, heavyweights, 12 rounds; and Roberto Duran vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweights, 10 rounds. *(Madison Square Garden. Sept. 20.)*

Dog Shows—Westchester Kennel Club. (Sterling Forest, Route 210, Tuxedo. Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ Westbury Kennel Association. (C.W. Post College, Brookville. Oct. 1.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 7.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—SATURDAY, SEPT. 16: Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham; Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester; and Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 23: Army vs. Nebraska, at West Point; Fordham vs. St. Peter's, at Fordham; and Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, SEPT. 30: Columbia vs. Fordham, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 7: Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point; Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Manhattan vs. Siena, at Gaelic Park; Princeton vs. *Columbia*, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Sept. 10, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Sept. 24 (first official game of the season here). . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, Oct. 8. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, Oct. 8.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Stanwich Club, Greenwich. Sept. 27-29.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood. Oct. 2-5.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston, Sept. 25, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Canadiens, Oct. 2, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver, Oct. 11 (first official game of the season here). . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Winnipeg, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Ottawa, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Philadelphia, Oct. 15. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Islanders vs. Rangers, Sept. 27, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta, Oct. 7 (first official game of the season). . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston, Oct. 14.

Horse Shows—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 30.) . . . ¶ Philadelphia Horse Show. (Philadelphia. Oct. 3-8.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 13-21.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Sept. 16.) . . . ¶ Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 4 and 7.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Oct. 14.)

Soccer—Barcelona of Ecuador vs. Colombia's Nacional. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Sept. 10.)

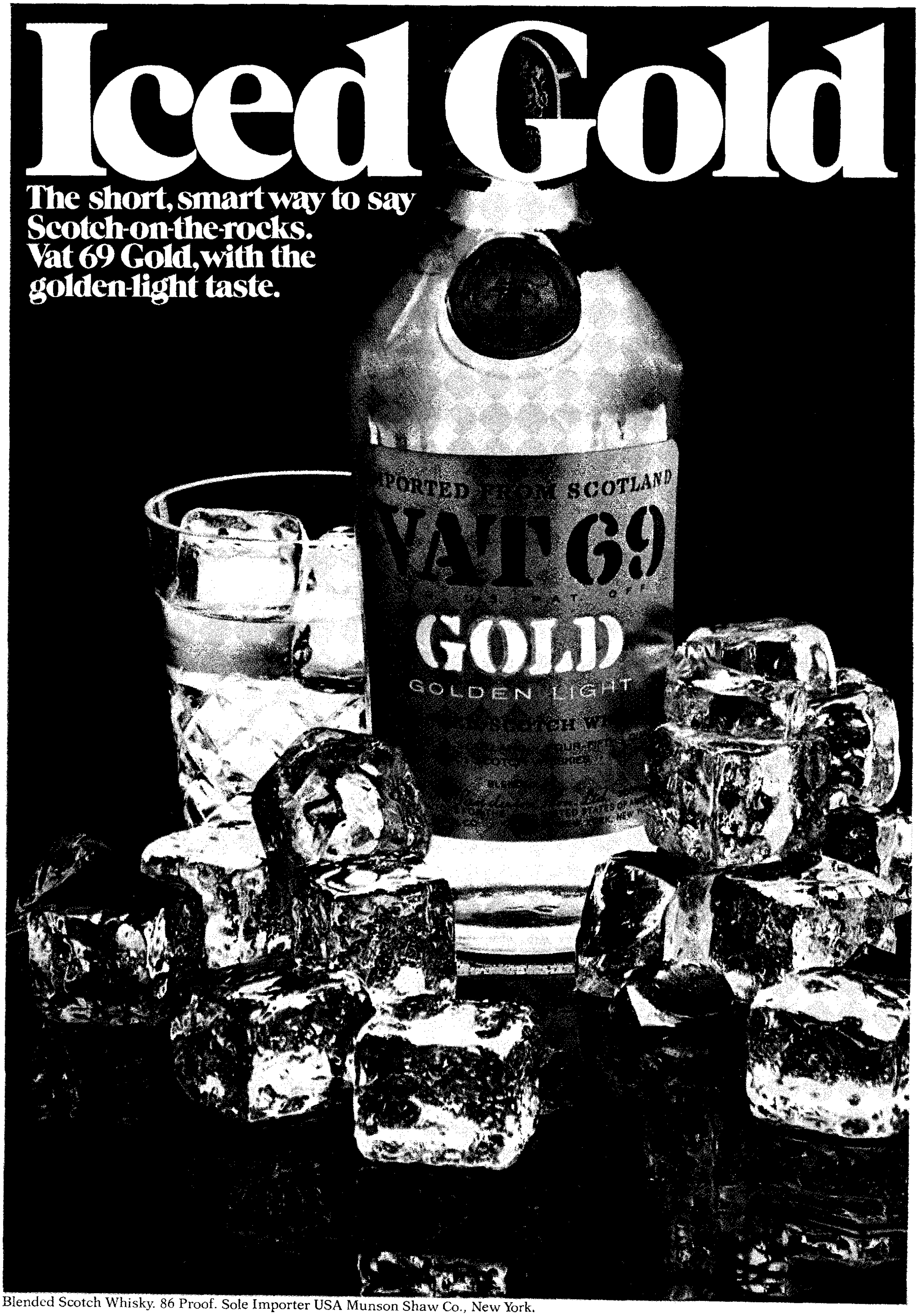
Sports-Car Racing—Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Oct. 8.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open on Sept. 19, with Bizet's "Carmen," and will run through April 21. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez conducting, Sept. 20 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 21 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, Oct. 4, 8, 11, and 13.

Dance Programs—At the City Center: Beryozka Dance Company, Sept. 19-30. . . . ¶ Joffrey Ballet, Oct. 4-Nov. 12.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Dude," a musical with a score by Galt MacDermot, book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni, and a cast that includes William Redfield and Rae Allen. . . . ¶ A one-week's engagement of an Israeli revue, "From Israel with Love." . . ¶ A musical, "Hurry, Harry," which has a book by Jeremiah Morris, Lee Kalcheim, and Susan Perkis; music by Bill Weeden; and lyrics by David Finkle. Bill Hinnant, Mary Bracken Phillips, and Phil Leeds head the cast. . . . ¶ Fred Gwynne and Eva Marie Saint in "The Lincoln Mask," a play by V. J. Longhi.

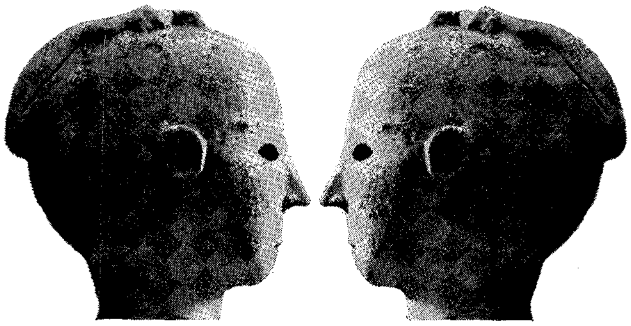
Other Dates—National Mexican Festival and Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 14-17. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The twenty-seventh session of the United Nations General Assembly is scheduled to convene here on Sept. 19. . . . ¶ The Wonderful World of Horses, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 22-24. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Holiday on Ice, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 27-Oct. 1 and Oct. 4-9. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Alice Tully Hall, Sept. 29-Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 7 elections, Oct. 5-7 and Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 69th Regiment Armory, Oct. 9-15.


Iced Gold
The short, smart way to say
Scotch-on-the-rocks.
Vat 69 Gold, with the
golden-light taste.
SCOTLAND
VAT 69
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Sole Importer USA Munson Shaw Co., New York.

The real

Cultures which see no further than themselves bear the seeds of their own destruction.



The ideal

We must recognize that other cultures can help us as much as we could help them.

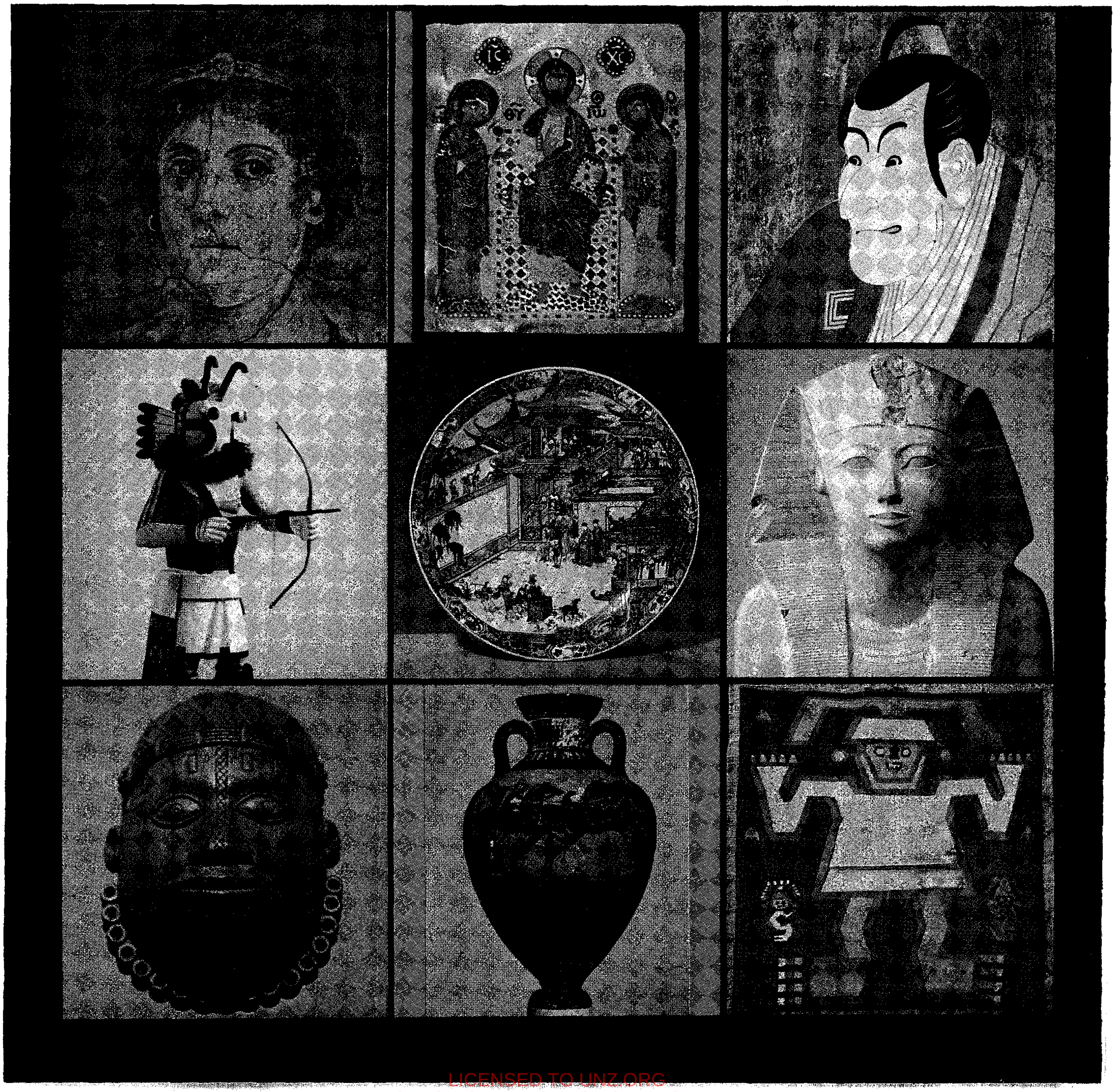
Metropolitan Museum of Art
Benin Mask—A. Gargagliano

To the degree that people believe their solutions are the only ones, they begin to limit themselves and their futures.

Now, more than ever before, we have the *opportunity to understand others and to* profit from their knowledge. Because for the first time in history worldwide communications make it impossible for any culture to isolate itself to the degree it can believe it has all the answers.

We have some answers. Other cultures have answers to problems we face now. We *must ask them to help us*—as we help them.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Godfather."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Sept. 2: "Rosalie" and "Born to Dance."
Sept. 3-5: "Ziegfeld Follies" and "The Pirate."
From Sept. 6: "San Francisco" and "Cain and Mabel."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Sept. 5: "Macbeth," "Rosemary's Baby," and "Repulsion."
From Sept. 6: "Midnight Cowboy," "Women in Love," and "Last Summer."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 5: "The Other" and "The Hot Rock."
From Sept. 6: "Frenzy" and another feature, to be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Salzburg Connection."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Melinda."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cabaret."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bluebeard."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rivals."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The New Centurions."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Aug. 30: "Faces" and "My Night at Maud's."
Aug. 31: "Dear John" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Sept. 1: "The Bride Wore Black" and "The Wild Child."
Sept. 2: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Tom Jones."
Sept. 3: "A Man for All Seasons" and "Dr. Strangelove."
Sept. 4: "If . . . " and "The Conformist."
Sept. 5: "Tristana" and "A Report on the Party and the Guests."
Sept. 6: "Kwaidan" and "Woman in the Dunes."
Sept. 7: "8½" and "Belle de Jour."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"And Now for Something Completely Different."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Butterflies Are Free."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Blacula."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Melinda."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 5: "The Salzburg Connection" and "Made for Each Other."
From Sept. 6: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Bluebeard."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Play It Again, Sam."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Clockwork Orange."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Fat City."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 30: "The Virgin Spring" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Rashomon" and "Two Daughters."
Sept. 2: "Ugetsu" and "Gate of Hell."
Sept. 3: "Odd Obsession" and "Fires on the Plain."
Sept. 4: "L'Avventura" and "Umberto D."
Sept. 5-6: "Knife in the Water" and "Ashes and Diamonds."
From Sept. 7: "The General" and "The Gold Rush."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Godfather."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Stigma."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Sept. 5: "Now You See Him, Now You Don't" and "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North."
From Sept. 6: "Napoleon and Samantha" and "Pinocchio."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Greaser's Palace."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 5: "The Salzburg Connection."
From Sept. 6: "Prime Cut" and "Big Jake."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Fat City."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Salamandre."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 5: "The Other."
From Sept. 6: "The Graduate" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Sept. 5: "The Salzburg Connection" and "The Chairman."
From Sept. 6: "Prime Cut" and "The Boys in the Band."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Play It Again, Sam."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 1: "Charles Dead or Alive" and Part VII of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."
From Sept. 2 (tentative): "The Gang's All Here."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 5: "Money Talks" and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium."
From Sept. 6: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Jenny."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 30: "Live for Life" and "The Two of Us."
Aug. 31: "Ten Days That Shook the World" and "Portrait of Lenin."
Sept. 1: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."
Sept. 2: "The Clowns" and "King of Hearts."
Sept. 3: "Casablanca" and "The Maltese Falcon."
Sept. 4: "The Go-Between" and "A Man for All Seasons."
Sept. 5: "Aparajito" and "The Music Room."
Sept. 6: "The Misfits" and "A View from the Bridge."
Sept. 7: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Other."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 5: "The Graduate" and "Taking Off."
From Sept. 6: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

And Now for Something Completely Different—For the last two or three years, the silent minority of England has been awash in love for a B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus," which has collected as many silent adherents as the "Goon Show" did when it was on radio. There are six actor-writers, and two girls for decoration; their peculiar preoccupations, which here include physical-training practice against assault by fresh fruit, complaint to a pet shop about an obviously long-demised parrot (a *Norwegian* parrot, said with dignity by the salesman to be pining for the fjords), a staunch stand against a dangerous onset of marauding grannies, and the breakdown of a restaurant manager over a customer who complains mildly about "a bit of a dirty fork," are directed and compiled (or piled together, perhaps) by Ian Macnaughton. Suitable for the nutty of all ages. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. (There is a luminous moment when Apu recites a poem in a classroom—one understands how it is that art survives in the midst of poverty.) The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 5.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing one of two patriots of the Warsaw uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill. When he is killed himself, in a chase that leads through a yard full of laundry, he looks like a child playing ghost wrapped in a sheet. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: far-sighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Elgin; Sept. 5-6.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Elgin; Sept. 4.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Thalia; Sept. 7.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 7.)

Big Jake (1971)—A Western with John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Playboy; starting Sept. 6.)

Blacula—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (Juliet 2.)

Bluebeard—Richard Burton in the title role, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. She danced the way José Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In the finale to this musical she tapped on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 2.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch, a nellie, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Beacon; starting Sept. 6.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 1.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Kips Bay and 72nd St. Playhouse.)

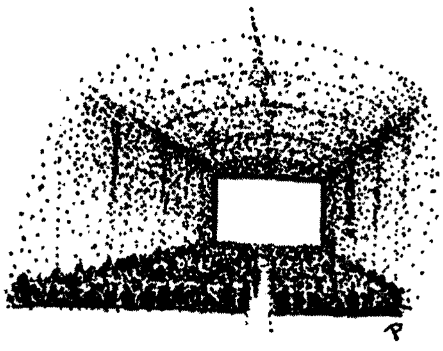
Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Fine Arts.)

Cain and Mabel (1936)—Lloyd Bacon directed Marion Davies and Clark Gable in this Promethean-scaled musical about a prize fighter and a showgirl. The music doesn't compensate for the muscle-bound plot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 6.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Thalia; Sept. 3.)

The Chairman (1969)—A Cold War thriller directed by J. Lee Thompson and written by Ben Maddow. Arthur Hill plays a bespectacled American general and extremist with one blacked-out eye. He has a confrontation with Gregory Peck as a Nobel Prize-winning scientist who has been persuaded to go to China to winkle out of Chairman Mao the secret of a miracle enzyme that allows pineapples to grow in snow. There is a ping-pong game with a surprisingly young-looking Mao in which East-West dialectic points are batted back and forth over the net. Daft, solemn, quite entertaining spinach. (Beacon; through Sept. 5.)



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Charles Dead or Alive—Alain Tanner's Swiss film of 1969, made before his ravishing "La Salamandre." The hero is a fifty-year-old third-generation watchmaker who suddenly starts, on his firm's hundredth anniversary, to undo his soul as if he were taking a watch apart to see the works. There are moments when he seems to feel that the mainspring has broken on him in this politically complex, spirited black-and-white movie, which glitters with intelligence, a unique straight-faced humor, and half-concealed gaiety. Tanner has moments of reminding you of Godard in his wry sense of the dialectic of history, which is absolutely unsuperstitious but always reverential to human goodness; he is also Brechtian in his swivels into the reflexive and in his native instinct to keep impulses of audience-identification at a distance. Highly recommended. Michel Simon's son, François, plays the hero very finely. In French. (New Yorker; through Sept. 1.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 7.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and Riviera.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 2.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Thalia; Sept. 1.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Beekman; Sept. 4.)

Dear John (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Beekman; Aug. 31.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Beekman; Sept. 3.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Beekman; Sept. 7.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (Coronet and Little Carnegie.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Beekman; Aug. 30.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach—Huston could no more miss great calibre in an actor than he could miss a great horse in a paddock—is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. The Stacy Keach character is at a crux: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II, Greenwich, and Lincoln Art.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Fires on the Plain (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Gramercy; starting Sept. 6.)

The Gang's All Here (1943)—Busby Berkeley's own special brand of kaleidoscopic fantasy, turned into psychedelic surrealism by the electric reds and greens of 20th Century-Fox's color processing. Those who consider Berkeley a master consider this film his masterpiece. It is his maddest film, with chorus girls dissolving into artichokes; a banana xylophone; and Carmen Miranda in an avenue of giant strawberries with bananas sprouting from her head. Alice Faye sings the torch song "No Love No Nothing," and also introduces the "Polka-Dot" ballet, which passes description. With Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 2, tentative.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 2.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. To be seen at all costs. (Elgin; starting Sept. 7.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia; Sept. 4.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Art, Baronet, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Paramount.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Elgin; starting Sept. 7.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Olympia; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 6.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Festival.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Gramercy; through Sept. 5.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Beekman; Sept. 4.)

If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium (1969)—Said to be the first cartoon caption ever made into a full-length movie. Suzanne Pleshette and Mildred Natwick are among the stereotyped American tourists; Ian McShane is their guide. The director, Mel Stuart, keeps everything moving cheerfully, and there are a few passable one-liners, but the comedy is low-grade, and you feel as if you've seen the picture before. (Symphony; through Sept. 5.)

Jenny—With Marlo Thomas and Alan Alda, directed by George Bloomfield. (Symphony; starting Sept. 6.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Thalia; Sept. 2.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Elgin; Sept. 5-6.)

Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, elaborate and rather tediously decorative, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Beekman; Sept. 6.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Music Hall.)

Last Summer (1969)—Directed by Frank Perry, written by Eleanor Perry. A fable about the decline into adult barbarism of three illustrative and well-heeled sixteen-year-olds horsing around on what looks like Fire Island. Preachy and trite. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 6.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 31.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

Lovers and Other Strangers (1970)—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Symphony; starting Sept. 6.)

Macbeth—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 5.)

Made for Each Other—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (86th St. East; through Sept. 5.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Thalia; Sept. 3.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and

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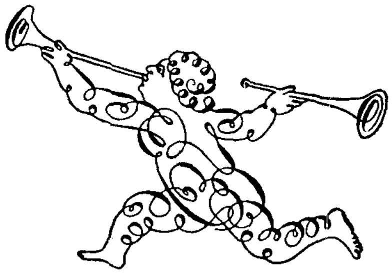

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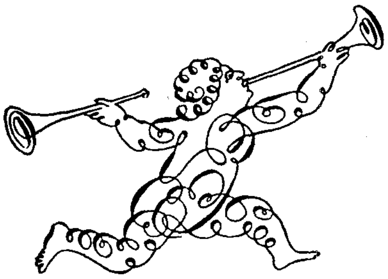

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Beekman; Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 4.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. He wants to be sincere, see. He wants to be like Mick Jagger. All this Jesus stuff . . . The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preposterous humor. (Cinema II.)

Melinda—A black celebrity (Calvin Lockhart) fends off a pretty rough time at the hands of a suave white crime-syndicate chief. The prettiest person, played by Vonetta McGee, gets slashed to pieces early in the picture, which is a nasty bit of work. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Beekman; Sept. 2. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 6.)

The Misfits *(1961)*—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

Money Talks—An Allen Funt film. (Symphony; through Sept. 5.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 5.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 30. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 1.)

Napoleon and Samantha—From the Disney Studios, with Michael Douglas and Will Geer. Directed by Bernard McEveety. (Guild; starting Sept. 6.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Columbia I and Loews Orpheum.)

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (1961)—A Walt Disney semi-documentary. (Guild; through Sept. 5.)

Now You See Him, Now You Don't—From the Disney Studios, with Kurt Russell. Directed by Robert Butler. (Guild; through Sept. 5.)

Odd Obsession (1959)—Kon Ichikawa's film with Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano, based on a novel by Junichiro Tanizaki that was published here under the title of "The Key." The story is about a man who tries to prop up his waning sexual powers for the sake of his avid young wife with the aid of injections, brandy, and a Polaroid camera. The picture of man-as-lover is sometimes unmeaningly funny, though the distinction of Ichikawa gleams through things; the film's effect is pretty dispiriting, and perhaps it shouldn't be rated for anyone over twenty-one. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a lot more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Riverside. . . . ¶ Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 5.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre (through Sept. 1) in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Guild; starting Sept. 6.)

The Pirate (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3-5.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (34th St. East, Plaza, Juliet 1, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

Prime Cut—A man gets turned into a rather short string of frankfurters. Directed by Michael Ritchie, with Lee Marvin pitted against Gene Hackman. Plenty of cattle and an awful lot of blood. Raw-spirited and nasty. (Playboy and Beacon; starting Sept. 6.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests (1966)—Jan Němec's Czech fable about totalitarianism, starting with an ordinary picnic eerily intruded on by benign-looking strangers who behave as though they were fellow-guests and turn the day into a forced banquet. (Beekman; Sept. 5.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 5.)

Rivals—With Joan Hackett and Robert Klein, directed by Krishna Shah. (Cinema I.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Sept. 2.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 5.)

La Salamandre—The most captivating and droll début in New York by a foreign director since Rohmer and his "My Night at Maud's." The film is Swiss (made in French, with

English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger, who lives now in Geneva and has a fastidious eye and wit. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)

The Salzburg Connection—Based on the Helen MacInnes novel, with Barry Newman and Anna Karina, directed by Lee H. Katzin. (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, Playboy, and Beacon; through Sept. 5.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, courted by Clark Gable, comes carolling out of the appalling San Francisco earthquake in one of her most famous and effulgently absurd scenes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 6.)

Slaughter—Lousy sex-and-bashing melodrama about a black Green Beret captain seeking revenge for his father's murder by a Cleveland gang. The plot is a ball of knitting wool toyed with by a kitten. Jim Brown plays the character called Slaughter, and slaughter he does. Rip Torn, good actor, looks demonic, and Stella Stevens looks dishy. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 30.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Stigma—VD strikes an island in a well-constructed warning melodrama written and directed by David E. Durston. Philip M. Thomas plays a black doctor in a bigoted white community. If you can face a sermon packaged as a suspense story, you can face this curious kick-you-in-the-face soap opera, which has authentic flashes of recognizable humanity mixed with phoney piety and bogus communalism. (Forum.)

Superfly—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Olympia; through Sept. 5.)

Ten Days That Shook the World (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia; Aug. 31.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (86th St. East; starting Sept. 6.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, the late, great George Devine, and many others. Shapely and eloquent script by John Osborne. (Beekman; Sept. 2.)

Tristana (1970)—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Beekman; Sept. 5.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Elgin; Aug. 31-Sept. 1.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin; Sept. 2.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Elgin; Sept. 4.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—A complicatedly wrongheaded attempt to make a neo-realist Greek tragedy about a longshoreman in Brooklyn. Sidney Lumet directed, from Arthur Miller's play; acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. (Thalia; Sept. 6.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 6.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; Aug. 30.)

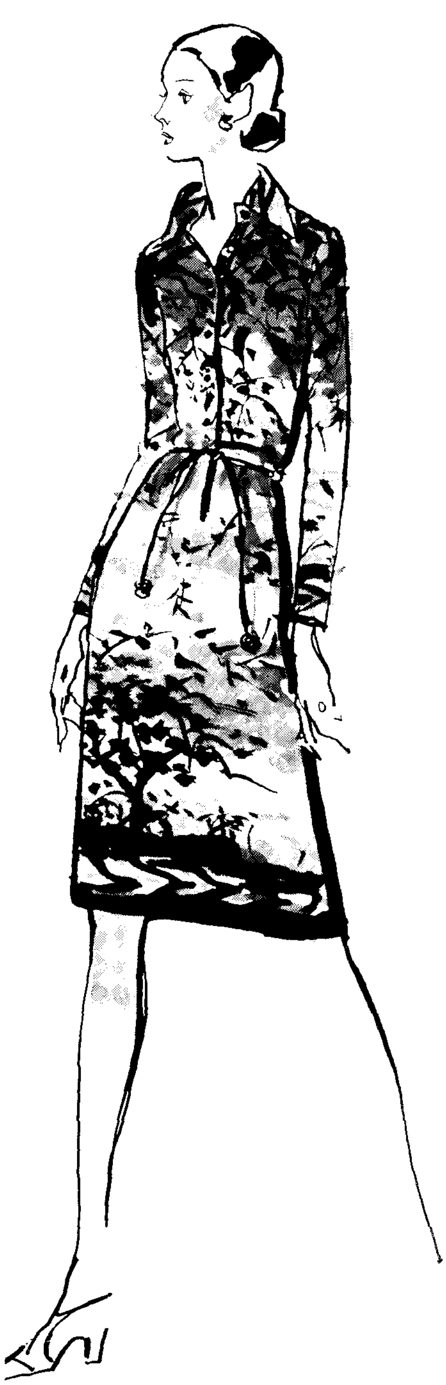
The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Beekman; Sept. 1.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Beekman; Sept. 6.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 6.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (86th St. East; starting Sept. 6.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" and he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 3-5.)



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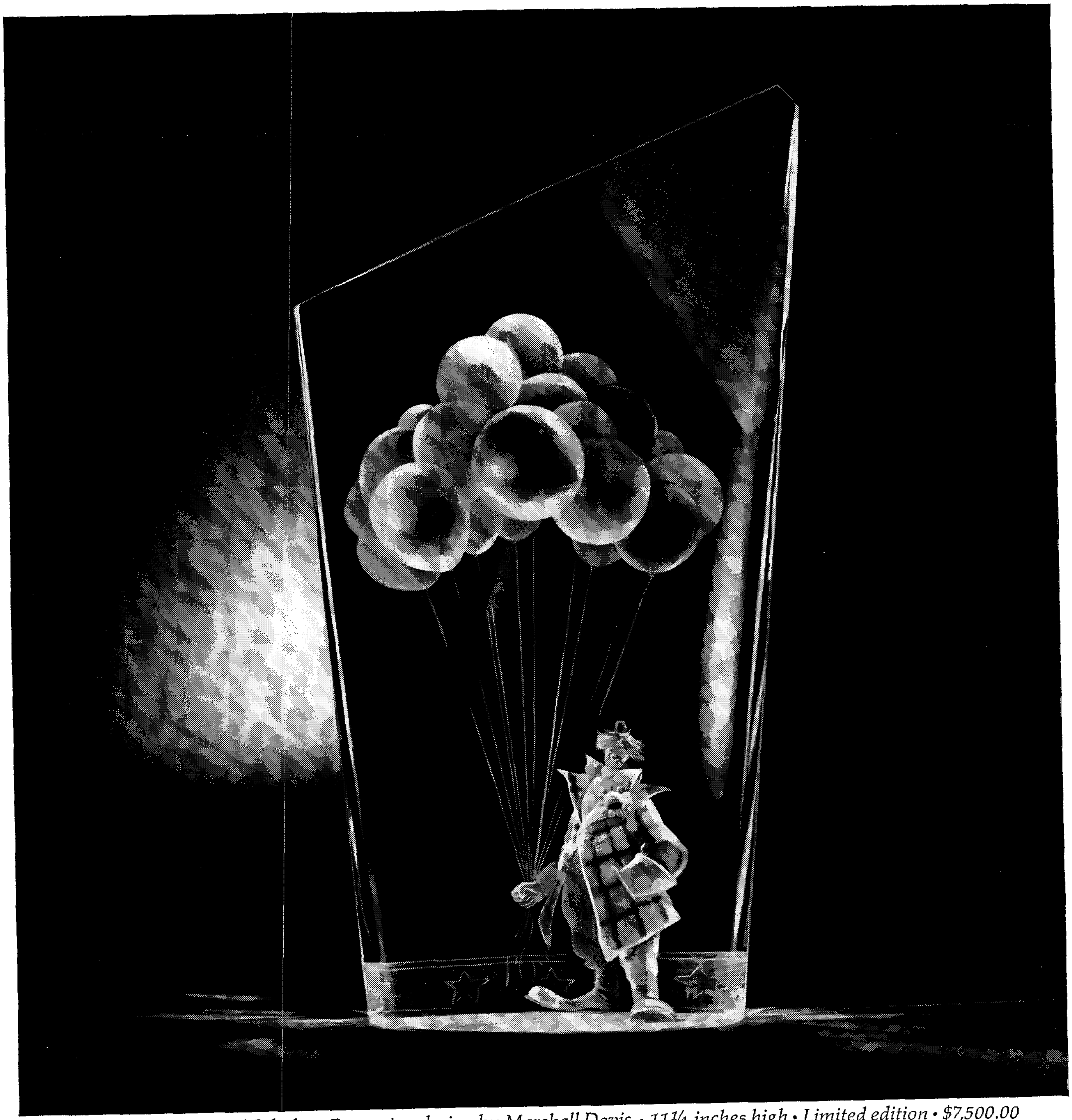

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

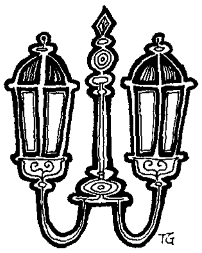
Notes and Comment

THE Senate has approved, by a unanimous vote, a revised version of a bill that was designed to establish the metric system for weights and measures in the United States. The bill that emerged from the Senate the other day was called a "compromise," and it stands as the finest example within memory of what that word can mean in politics. First, the legislation directs that a metric system must not be fully set up in this country before ten years have passed. Second, it directs that only the federal government will be obliged to use the system after that. And, third, it directs that everyone else can comply or refuse to comply with the rules of the new system when it is finally set up. Mark Twain at the height of sardonic glee or in the depths of bitter cynicism could not have conceived this scene: the nation's leading lawmakers rising, one by one, in their lofty chamber and solemnly announcing their approval of the ultimate political folly—chaos by legislation.

Clark

IN the 1968 Presidential campaign, Richard Nixon and John Mitchell accused Ramsey Clark, who was then Attorney General of the United States, of being largely responsible for the rising crime rate in this country. Now, in the 1972 Presidential campaign, Clark has again been made an issue, this time by way of what he said, or is believed by many people to have said, about the American bombing of North Vietnam; according to the current attacks on him, he was, at best, a dupe of the North Vietnamese or, at worst, a traitor to his country. Last week, we went over to his law office, on Park Avenue, to get his side of the story. Clark is a very tall, very slender man with very long, thin fingers and ancient eyes, and he has a way of making anyone who meets him feel like a friend.

We sat down and asked him why he had gone to North Vietnam. "There were many reasons," he answered. "One evening a few weeks ago, I got a cable from Stockholm from the International Commission for Inquiries Into United States War Crimes in Indo-China, inviting me to go to Hanoi as a member of the commission. I cabled back that I would go, but only as an individual with full autonomy—not as a member of any group. Afterward, some people deliberately tried to make it look as if I had gone as a member and a spokesman of the commission. Once I received the invitation, I knew that I had to go if I could see and hear and speak freely. Considering the way I feel about things, it was out of the question for me not to go. I have to live with myself, and if I could save one Vietnamese child on either side of the D.M.Z., or help one prisoner of war get home, or explain to the people here what is being done in their name, I had to go. By coincidence, I had sought a visa for the Soviet Union shortly before, in order to look into the arrests of some Jews who had planned to protest their government's policy against Jewish emigration to Israel. They were arrested so there wouldn't be any demonstrations during Nixon's visit. Anyway, the independence I insisted on was granted, so I set off for Hanoi by way of Moscow, where I was unable to find out much of anything about the Jews who had been arrested. Just before leaving here, I talked to some people in the State Department about Southeast Asia in general and our prisoners of war in particular. I was asked to carry a hundred and two letters to men who the State Department believed were alive and in the hands of the Vietcong, but who had not been heard from, and three hundred letters to men known to be in the hands of the North Vietnamese. When I got to Hanoi, I met a couple of times with representatives of the Vietcong, and gave them the first batch of letters. Before I came back home, they gave me seventeen letters from prisoners they hold. That's almost as many letters from our men as the Vietcong have released throughout the entire war. Three of the letters were to relatives who had not known, until they got them, that their husband or father or brother or son was alive."



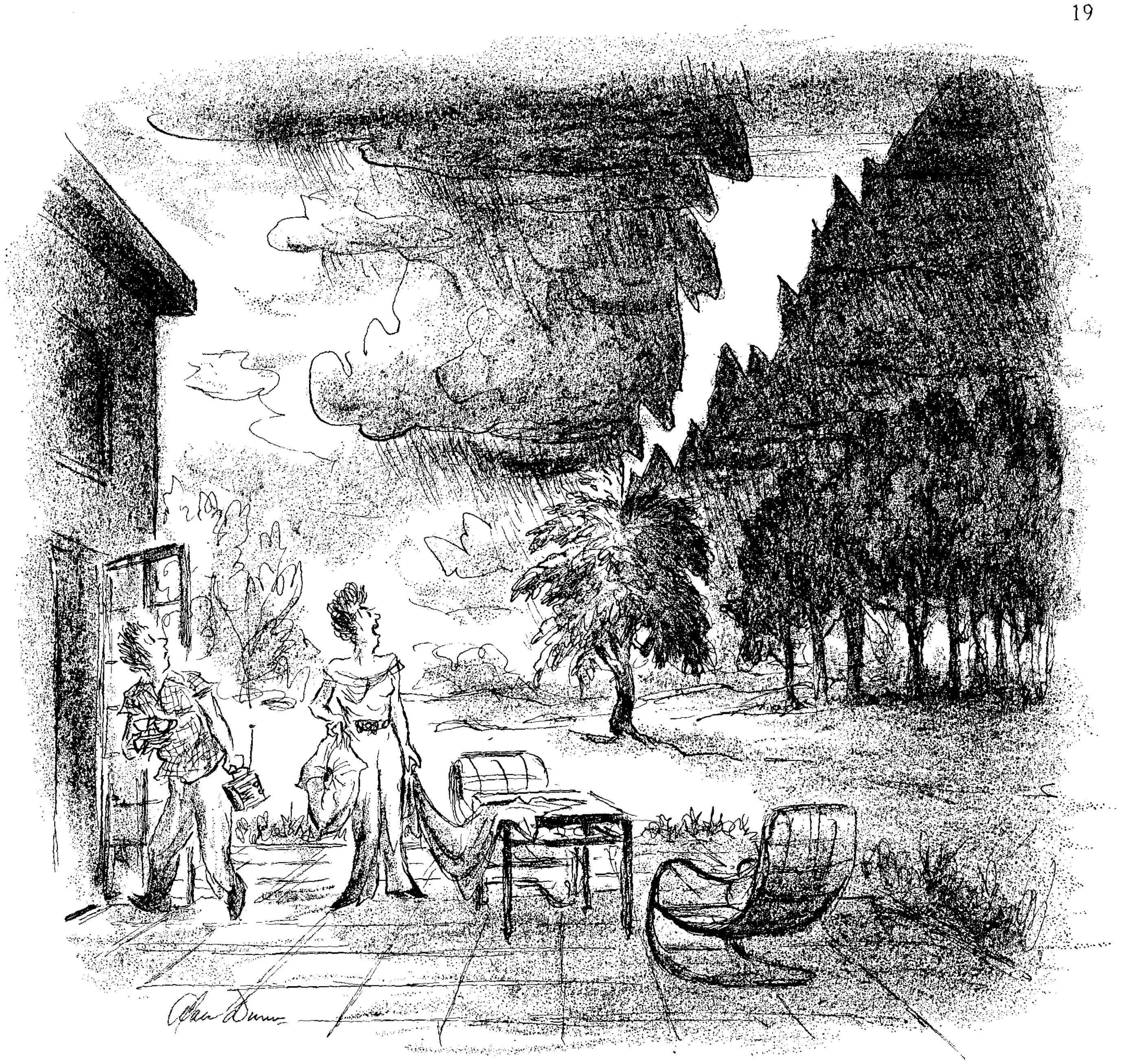
We asked why he had held a press conference in Hanoi before getting back to San Francisco. "I didn't really hold a press conference at all," Clark said. "What you find in Hanoi is that the press is there—from all over the world except the United States—and that it acts like the press everywhere. Reporters ask questions and stick microphones in your face. I was explicitly asked by Radio Hanoi to speak about the war to the North Vietnamese people and to the American military people within broadcast range. I declined, because, first, I don't speak Vietnamese and I think the only way to communicate with a man is to talk to him, and, second, because I intended to report to the American military people when I got home. As for the so-called press conference, it was held by the director of the North Vietnamese civil-defense program, and a number of visitors were there. You see, not many people go to North Vietnam, and those who do usually stay a week, because the Aeroflot plane out leaves only once a week. The press conference I went to was held to get impressions from the people who were on their way home the next day by the weekly plane—an Irishman who once served in the Dublin government, a Frenchman, a Russian heart doctor, a Swedish lawyer, a member of the Danish parliament who had been a leader of the Underground there during the Nazi Occupation. Anyway, I was asked to speak along with members of the commission. I told them that I felt I should report first to the American people on what I had learned. But I did say a few things at the press conference. I told them that when I came I decided that I should leave North Vietnam very tired, since that was the only way I could end up if I took full advantage of the two weeks I was there. I told them that I *was* very tired—two hours' sleep a night and riding in a jeep on the kind of roads that force you to hang on every minute make you tired. I said that there hadn't been a day that I didn't walk where I wanted to by myself for several hours, taking pictures as I pleased. I said that I had had a wide-open, uninhibited, and robust opportunity to discuss what I had seen. At times, I had an interpreter, and I had some *very* robust conversations—with everyone from the head of state to old people in small villages whose families had lived there so long they didn't know when their first ancestor had arrived. I also said that I would not give a full report on my reactions at the press conference. I said that I am an American, born an American, and will die an American, and that I would give my report to the American people on American soil. I also pointed out that I am a man who has been trained to sort out evidence before he speaks. I had thousands of words of notes and thousands of feet of film on what I had seen, and I had to go through them before I could speak. Then I said that I *could* say I had seen extensive damage to schools, homes, hospitals, churches, villages, and dikes—the only statement that was widely reported here. Whole villages had been wiped off the earth. There was no conceivable military significance in those villages, or, for that matter, in Hanoi. There are only people. The Administration seems to be bombing these people because they're the only target left, except the dikes. All the evidence from twenty years shows that the people's spirit increases as the bombs fall. I heard people there say, 'We will drown the thunder of their bombs in our singing.' I hadn't been there a week before I started getting criticism—attacks—from back home, relayed to me by the Swedish ambassador to North Vietnam. Some of these attacks—by Rogers and Mitchell, I was told—took place *before* the press conference. Anyway, I said at the press conference that we must learn from this war that we had to find peace through it. The editor of *Nhan Dan*, the leading North Vietnamese newspaper, had told me earlier that this war was not the most important war in history but that it *was* the most suffering war in history. I told the audience that I didn't agree that it wasn't the most important war, because if it taught us that we couldn't live by war, that we couldn't turn our incredible technology against the individual, that we couldn't solve our problems anymore by violence on this scale, then it had to be the most important war in history."

We asked Clark if he had anticipated the effect that his statements in North Vietnam might have here, and he said, "I thought my trip would have an effect. If you're engaged in certain kinds of activity, there's always a chance there'll be a flare-up. But my awareness of that had nothing to do with my decision to go to North Vietnam or to say what I said. And I don't think the press conference that I was present at had anything to do with the flare-up. That was an attempt by the Administration to divert the people's attention from the bombing to my character, and to smother questions about our acts under charges that I was a dupe or worse. They were worried about the effects of my trip on the bombing campaign—they don't want anybody to think about it or talk about it—so they tried to destroy what I might come back and say before I could say it. But if Nixon wants to compare, legally and morally, his bombing policy with my going there to see what it means and to talk about what I saw openly, I'm ready. We have to end this killing, and we have to understand what we have done. The only way to do that is to see what we have done. If we're afraid to see that, we'll do it again."

Telling the Story

A. J. Antoon is reflective, witty, stocky, bearded, twenty-seven, prone to agonizing self-doubts and great, infectious laughs, and is one of the more brilliant directors in New York today. His direction of "That Championship Season" earlier this year, at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, brought him wide acclaim, and his latest production, "Much Ado About Nothing," has just opened at the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park to further praise. One morning shortly before the opening, we found Mr. Antoon in the midst of a rehearsal for "Much Ado" in the rear of a store on Lafayette Street, across from the Public Theatre. He was wearing khaki trousers, white sneakers, red socks, and gunmetal glasses. He was pacing up and down before a bleacher-type arrangement of seats, where many members of the cast were quietly studying their lines and awaiting their cues. Dogberry, in street clothes, was declaiming, "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass!" Antoon threw his body forward, his head back, and laughed. He slapped his sides. He was relishing Dogberry, and Shakespeare. He called a lunch break and joined us on one of the bleacher seats. "Papp called me up one morning at nine a couple of months ago," he said. "He seemed extremely distressed. Nixon had announced the blockade of Haiphong Harbor the night before, but that wasn't it. Then I told myself, 'Good God, the coach in "Championship Season" has fallen down and broken a leg,' but that wasn't it, either. No, Joe needed a director for 'Much Ado' and wanted me to do it. I directed 'Cymbeline' for him last summer in the Park, but I was curious: Why *me* for 'Much Ado'? Papp said he wanted to keep it a simple, human comedy. He thought I was naïve enough to handle it. I accepted. I see 'Much Ado' as set in a nation to which peace has returned. I'm not much for putting on museum pieces, and I asked myself, 'What would this country be like with the war over? Could there be a return to peace? Could there be a nostalgia for love?' And I asked myself, 'When was my country truly proud of itself?' And I thought perhaps along the Eastern Seaboard just before the First World War, when there were gazebos and Fourth of July parades. And I wanted to strip away what everybody else says the play is all about, and just tell the story. When I worked with Paul Sills at the Yale Drama School, he taught me three lessons: be simple, be honest, tell the story. Don't let other things get in the way. So you ask yourself, 'What's this scene about?' "

Mr. Antoon smiled a singularly benign smile for one of his years. "Childhood theatricals were continuous," he said. "We lived in Methuen, Massachusetts, and my mother would say 'Get lost!' and I would go behind the sofa and concoct a play. Not much organized drama in the family up to then. My father was a grocery salesman, and my mother worked in a textile mill. An uncle owned a drugstore. My family seemed to be composed mostly of people who operated small grocery stores. *Small* grocery stores. There were lots of trees in the town. I playacted and playacted, and in the eighth grade I dramatized Scrooge, and



“Now look who’s wasting watts!”

• •

even last Christmas I was about to propose a Chinese Scrooge to Joe Papp. I am rather glad now that I didn’t. Anyway, I put on many productions at home, with younger cousins and a sister—minstrel shows and so on. I cut ‘Dr. Faustus’ down to thirty minutes once when I was a kid—just the Doctor, Mephistopheles, and the Good and the Bad Angel. In the Lawrence Central Catholic High School, my big thing was a forty-five-minute ‘Hamlet.’ I had read that Olivier’s ‘Hamlet’ was being shown on TV, so I hauled out all my tape-recording equipment, wires, and plugs, spread them wildly over the floor, and got set to bag the performance. Of course, when the time came I couldn’t operate the machinery—everything went kerplunk—but I came up with my version anyway, with me as an Olivier Hamlet in a black costume made by my mother, and my head covered with two cans of blond hair spray. We entered this in a statewide high-school contest and lost. I’m not knocking it. Some of it was pretty creative—lots of lights and shadows, and I put ‘To be or not to be’ at the very end of the play, because I felt like it. My father came up afterward and said, ‘You were terrific. I couldn’t understand a word you said.’ ”

Mr. Antoon smiled his ample smile again, but this time with a certain abstraction. “Everything was drama in my life,” he said. “My family is Lebanese. We are members of the Eastern Rite of the Catholic Church. The rituals are different and the chants are different from the ordinary Catholic service, even though when I was brought up we were under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Cushing. Arabic was spoken in our church. There were continual processions. The chants were endless. The women never stopped crying. I never stopped crying. The biggest tears came on Good Friday, when the four oldest men in the congregation carried Jesus in a tiny, tiny coffin down the aisle of the church. The women all wore black. I always completely broke up. That was theatre. Even the Sunday Drive was ritual and theatre. Week after week. We would hop into the family car and start on the Sunday Drive. We had no predestination—just a Sunday Drive. ‘It’s time for the Sunday Drive,’ my mother would say, and we would take back roads and obscure highways and mysterious roundabouts, and always end up at the grave of my paternal grandfather. I never even knew him, but there I was. Conversation was limited at the graveside. ‘The grass isn’t growing,’ someone would say, or ‘The flowers aren’t fresh.’ Then we’d get back in the car. Before reaching home, we'd stop for ice cream. Coffee ice cream for my mother. Maple walnut for my father. *Always.* I kept my options open. I've spent a good deal of time in the Church. I studied with the Marist Brothers all through high school. I've been in and out. I took vows and for eight years studied to be a priest, and when my father dropped me off at the Jesuit seminary in Tanglewood, opposite where the Boston Symphony plays, he never opened his mouth. He just let me out of the car, the tears streaming down his cheeks, put his foot on the pedal, and drove off. My family cries a lot. I really went through it. I'd go up to Boston from time to time to an alcoholic ward to help the patients—from the cloisters to the D.T.s. I wasn't too good at that work. I'd think about them all day long. I couldn't detach myself. But I kept up theatre in the Jesuits with productions of 'Oedipus Rex' and 'Henry IV' at the seminary. The regime was strict. I was a novice. Thirty days of silence. Prayers for four hours a day. Examination of conscience. I came down with a very severe case of the scruples. I would confess, and then I would go back and say, 'Father, I have forgotten something and want to confess again.' Then, a few hours later, I would be back. 'Father, I have something to confess.' Finally, the priest said, 'My son, please just confess that you are sorry for *everything* you have ever committed, and we'll make it a blanket absolution, but don't come back with more,' and eventually the scruples went away. I was in and out of Boston College, back to the Jesuits, went to Yale Drama for a year and a half, left the Jesuits, and met Joe Papp, thanks to an actress. He has saved my life. I don't have to flop down on people's couches anymore. He gave me a place to work and some money, and said, 'Let me see what you've got.' I had a Robert Montgomery script, his unusual 'Subject to Fits,' and I took it down to the Public Theatre one afternoon, and I pleaded and said, 'I promised this hours ago. I have been terribly delayed. Please see that it gets *immediately* to Mr. Papp.' I did it here, and then I did it in London for the Royal Shakespeare Company, and had a chance to watch Peter Brook's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' to my heart's content. The rest is personal history. I've been out of the Jesuits now a year and a half. Admittedly, I was fanatical at one time. I've sung Gregorian chants for Joe Papp, and he's sung Hebrew chants for me. I'm not the least bit cynical about leaving. But I am finding myself. I have confidence working with actors. They listen to what I have to say. Everyone contributes. We try out ideas. And I'm getting closer to the bone—stripping away to what Shakespeare may be all about, what he may be trying to tell us. I want audiences to respond to the feelings of the play. Films like Fellini's 'Nights of Cabiria' changed my life—the indomitability of the human spirit. I rely on the human spirit. I believe in the human spirit. I'm always questioning my motives, and I can get pretty self-indulgent in the process, but I have to believe that people can love one another. I often wonder if I am capable of love. I often ask myself, 'When you were weeping in church or at confession, was it real? Did you mean it? Were the tears genuine? Were you acting?' I simply know that one must share."

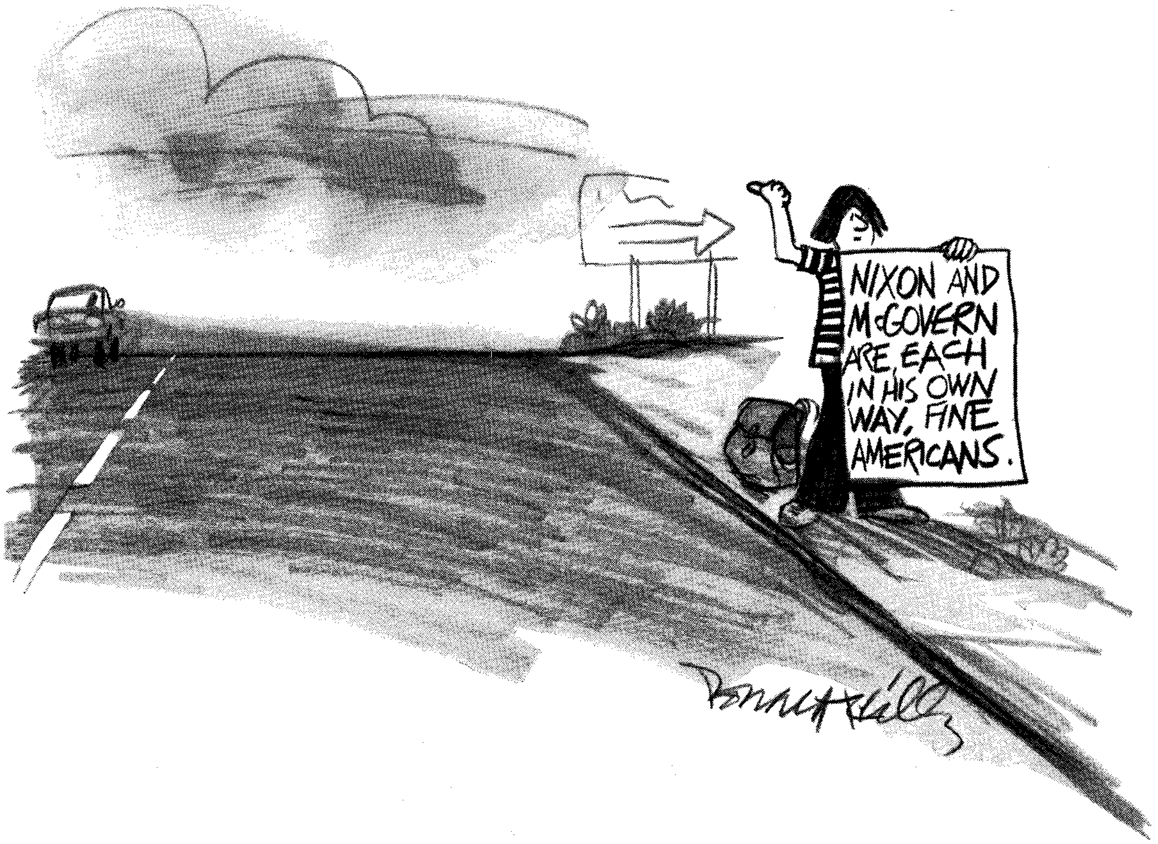
Antoon suddenly stood up. The actors had returned. "We are in a graveyard," Antoon said to them. "You can all hear the boom-boom of the thunder and the crackle-crackle of the lightning. Boom-boom. Crackle-crackle. And now:

> Midnight, assist our moan,
> Help us to sigh and groan
>   Heavily, heavily.
> Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
> Till death be utterèd
>   Heavily, heavily."

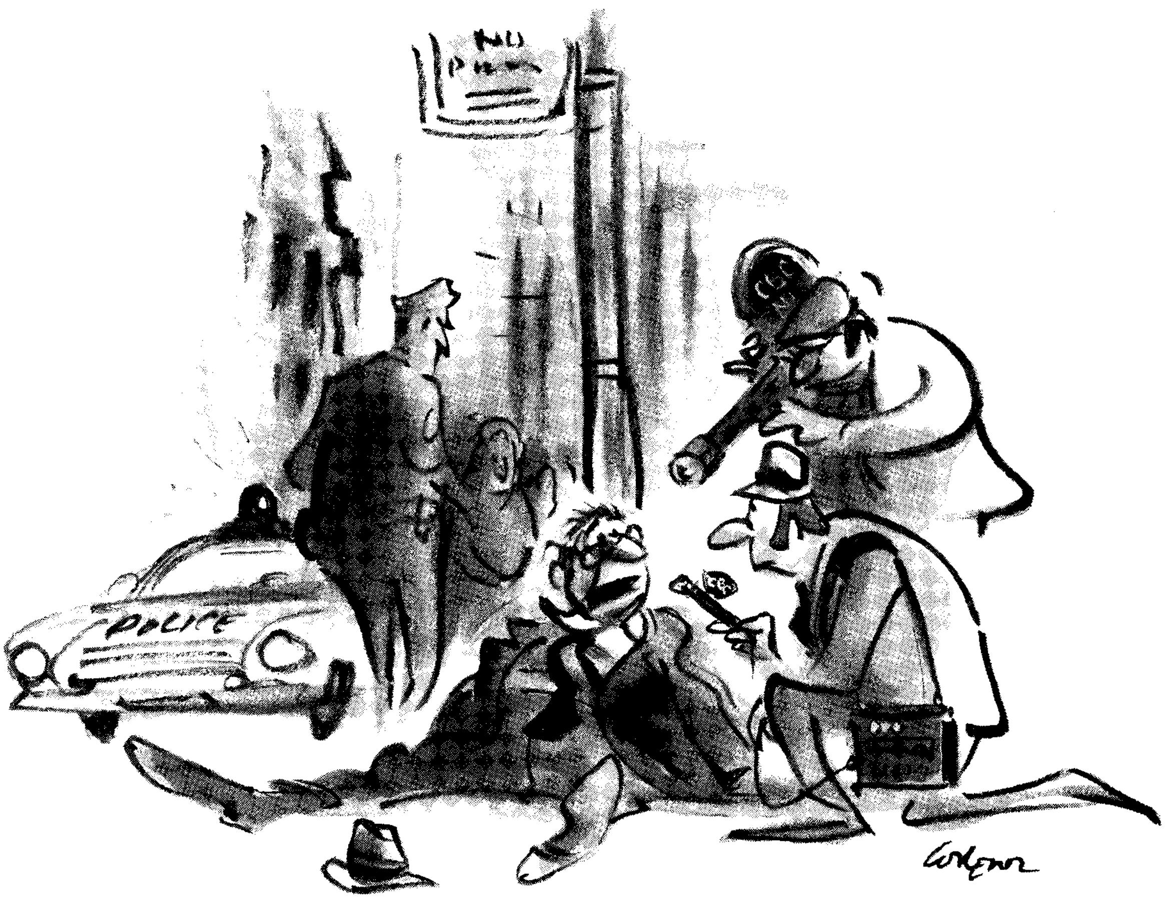
Boycott Report

THE New York State headquarters of the national boycott of iceberg lettuce being organized by the United Farm Workers is an office in an old building on West Thirty-fourth Street, near the Empire State Building. Light-green walls, linoleum on the floor. All the furniture in the office—four small desks, folding metal chairs, brightly painted filing cabinets, an old typewriter, a new typewriter, an adding machine—has been donated by New Yorkers who are supporting the boycott. Some of the decorations on the walls are a street map of Manhattan with color-coded pins showing the locations of supermarkets owned by eleven different chains; a poster of a giant panda; a large oil painting of a head of iceberg lettuce, signed R. Gray; a new subway map; a photograph of Cesar Chavez. There are local phone books on the filing cabinets, and there is a copy of the Jerusalem Bible on a shelf.

Last week, we visited this office and talked to José Gomez, the New York State coördinator of the boycott. Gomez is twenty-eight. When he was a boy, he thinned sugar



beets in Wyoming; after that, he went to school and taught at the University of Wyoming; later, he worked for the grape boycott. Gomez has thick black hair and black-rimmed glasses. He was dressed in black boots, well-worn Levis, a black belt, and a faded blue work shirt with the sleeves cut off above the elbows. As New York State co-ordinator of the boycott, Gomez gets his room, his board, and five dollars a week in expenses. He is a serious person.



"How do I feel about being mugged? Well, naturally I didn't enjoy it and I certainly don't condone violence or threats of violence as a means toward social change. However, I can empathize with my assailant and realize that in his terms this is a valid response to the deteriorating socio-economic situation in which we find ourselves."

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Gomez told us that iceberg lettuce is a two-hundred-and-seventy-three-million-dollar-a-year business in the United States. Seventy per cent of the iceberg lettuce raised in this country is grown in California, fifteen per cent in Arizona. The rest is scattered. New York State accounts for about three per cent. There are some two hundred lettuce-growers in California and Arizona, and around thirty thousand people in those two states earn their living by thinning, hoeing, and picking lettuce. It has been estimated that about a quarter of the workers are children under sixteen. Non-union lettuce workers make between a dollar-forty and a dollar-eighty-five an hour. Union lettuce workers working for a grower who has signed a contract with the United Farm Workers are guaranteed two dollars and eight cents an hour and can make more on a piece-work basis. The union contract prohibits children under sixteen from working in the fields. It also requires that the growers install field toilets and abandon the use of certain pesticides. Fifteen per cent of the growers are under contract to the union.

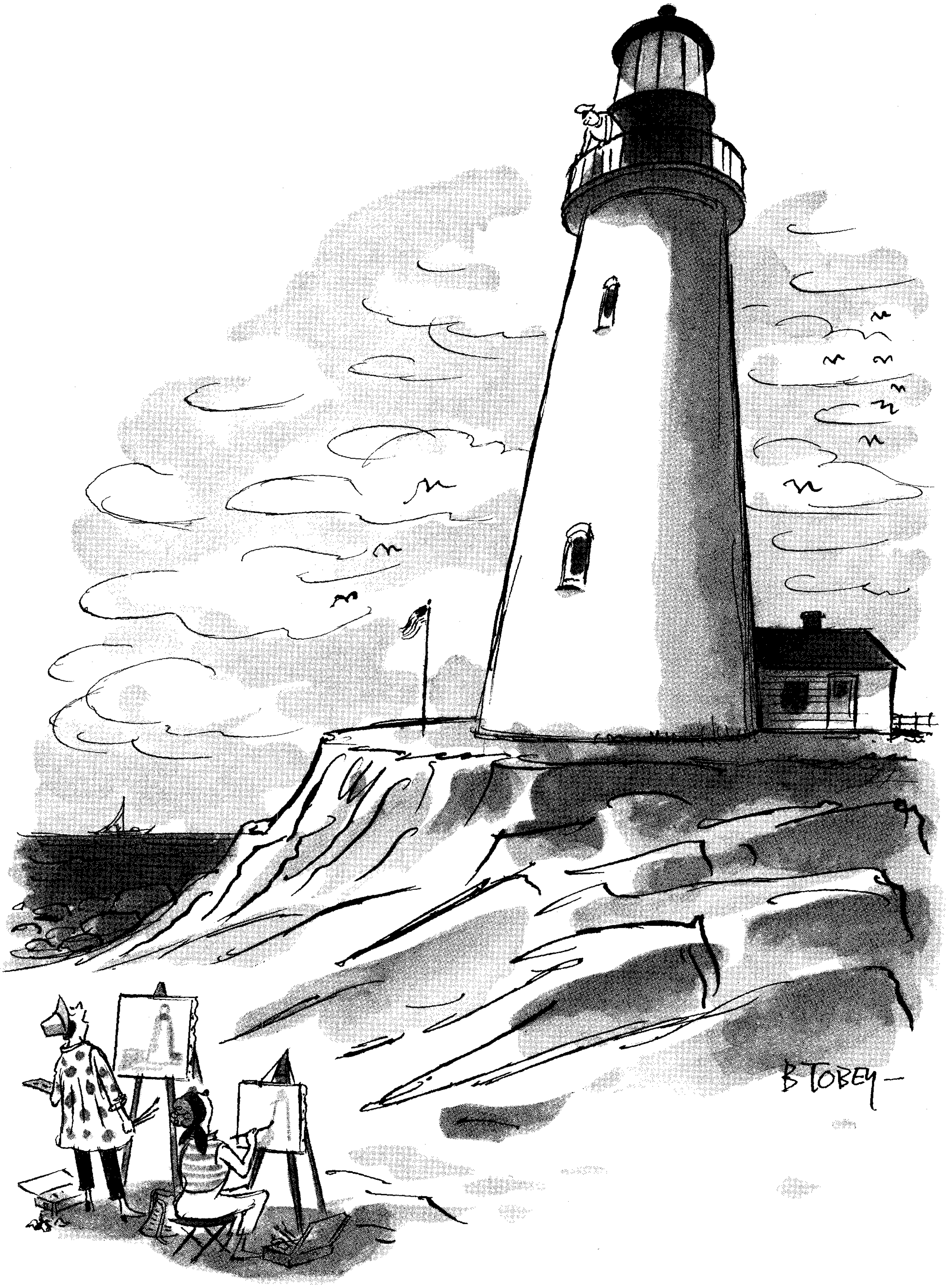
We asked Gomez what was happening in New York. He said he had two tasks here. The first was to educate the public not to eat non-union iceberg lettuce. The second was to persuade chain-store owners not to sell non-union lettuce in their supermarkets. He said things were going well. He has thirty full-time volunteers in the city and several hundred part-time volunteers, all working to make sure that everyone knows about the boycott. He told us that Cesar Chavez had been in town the past few days to negotiate with the chain stores. "WNBC-TV sent a camera out last week trying to find someone who hadn't heard of the boycott," Gomez said. "They had a hard time finding anybody. The chain stores have been open to communication, which means they've been willing to talk to us. They've been friendly, and very understanding of the farm-worker problem. So far, they've agreed not to advertise iceberg lettuce in the papers. Have you seen today's *News*?" Gomez picked up a copy of the *News*. Key Food and A. & P. were advertising chicory and escarole. A Pathmark ad said, "Romaine a Tasty Change."

Just then, Chavez himself walked into the office. He was there for a TV interview, and then was off to a meeting with store owners. We watched him being interviewed, and afterward we walked with him over to his meeting. He looked well, and told us he had recovered from his fast. (He fasted last May to dramatize his commitment to the lettuce workers' fight.) He had on a yellow short-sleeved shirt, worn outside black slacks. Black shoes, white socks. He had told the TV interviewer that the lettuce boycott was in the same place after a hundred days that the grape boycott had been in after three years. During the interview, he sat quietly, his hands folded in his lap. He is an impressive-looking man. His eyes are kindly and alert. A photographer who was standing next to us said to us, "He has a nice face."

While we were walking with him, he told us he liked New York. "New York is fabulous," he said. "It is a good city for causes." He walked with his hands in his pockets.

He told us that these days he eats only raw vegetables and fruit and vegetable juices. Everything he eats is raw, except bread.

We asked him about his philosophy of life, and he said, "Ooh. Ooh. I think really the most important thing I see in life is being of service. That's as short as I can put it. We're here to be used for what society and humanity need. We should be not only willing to be used but thankful that we are being used."



"May we?"

FACING REALITY

I SAY, "I was swimming with my eyes closed. Breaststroking. But before long I realized that I wasn't getting anywhere, that what I was swimming in no longer had the consistency of water."

My wife says, "What would you say it had the consistency of?"

"Let's say it had a granular consistency. I opened my eyes and I was lying on my stomach on a sidewalk on the upper East Side, ineffectually breaststroking in several inches of snow. Some children were watching."

"It sounds to me like a dream of old age."

SHAVING, naked, still wet from the shower, I see in the medicine-chest mirror a person standing behind me, shrouded in steam. He holds up what seems to be a cloak, and makes to wrap me in it. My time has surely come. Instead, he starts drying my back. It is Stephen, my stepson, aged seventeen. "Blot, don't rub," I say.

"You shave too recklessly," he says, patting me here and there with the towel.

I slow down. He raises my left arm, which must have been hanging by my side, dries beneath it, guides it back into place.

"If I fell in battle," he says in my tone of voice, "he would thus tenderly arrange my limbs."

He is putting me on, but the sentiment is affecting, and his choice of words and imagery shows wider reading than I had suspected.

I FLY to Miami, speculating on futurity. Upon my return, I tell my wife of an exceptional incident. I had arrived late at night, changed into a bathing suit, put on my little plastic goggles to protect my eyes from the chlorine, and gone to the motel pool, which was illuminated by two underwater lights at the deep end. A Cuban boy of ten or twelve was in the shallow end. Although it was my impression that he was climbing out of the pool while I was diving in, as I approached the wall to make my turn I saw his dark, slender, headless body before me.

My wife says at this point, mimicking me, "There's no one else in the whole pool except me and him, so, of course, he has to do a number in my lane."

"It's not fair," I say.

"At the Y, the guy in front of me always gets a towel with more nap on it than I do," my wife says.

"The guy behind me gets one with more nap, too," I say. "Didn't he see me coming? Wasn't he going to get out of the way? His figure loomed larger."

"I was going to have to smack him one," my wife says.

"I was going to have to brush him aside," I say. "Instead of dropping my hand slightly below the diagonal on the point of entry, I rotated it outward—"

"So I could give him a brush in the mouth," my wife says.

"What I was going to do," I say, "was make contact, touch, and execute my turn all in one fluid motion. But as I extended my hand he held out his to mine."

"Like God giving life to Adam," my wife says.

"Along those lines," I say. "My fingers touched the tiles and I was joined to my writhing shadow."

The above discourse has taken place in bed. Dwelling on my unresisting drift, I prepare to rise.

As my readers, my wife, and my dog are well aware, I frequently get up in the middle of the night. My readers know because I have touched on it before. My wife knows because I wake her up and tell her. "I've got to go to the bathroom," I might say. (If I'm not sure she heard me, I enlighten her on the return trip; e.g., "I had to go to the bathroom.") Or "I think I'll get something to eat." (Sometimes I expatiate. For example, "I'm torn between a sardine sandwich on health bread and a bowl of Granola." A corollary to this might be, reawakening her: "Nobody told me there aren't any sardines.") Or, simply, "I can't sleep." (The corollary to this, as to so much, is "It's not fair.") The dog's knowledge is presumed. Although he gives few signs of it, it is my belief that he knows what's going on—not understands, *knows*. What else could account for his jumping into my lap the other night and pleading with me to unburden my heart?

Who knows me best? Let's find out. "Are you sleeping?" "Yes," my wife says. "But who knows me best?" "Your readers know as much of you as you've ever acknowledged," she says. "I know as much of you as you've ever acknowledged and almost everything else. Josh [that's the dog] knows nothing that you've acknowledged, but he knows everything else."

With that, I put on my slippers and set out for the kitchen. En route, I pass Josh, curled up on the living-room couch. He opens an eye—keeping tabs on me. The kitchen light is on, and Andrea, my stepdaughter, is bent over the stove, stirring the contents of a saucepan with a wooden spoon. She is nineteen and lives with Sean, who's into yo-yos, in the Intergalactic College of Love. This, she has explained, is neither a crash pad nor a commune but "a whole bunch of people doing a trip separately but in the same house." From time to time she comes home to see what's in the refrigerator or if there are any new magazines, and to look at herself in the full-length mirror.

"You're cooking something at 2 A.M.?" I say.

"No," she says, without averting her head.

I approach and look over her shoulder. Agitated by boiling water so that it appears alive, obscured by bubbles, is something blue and white, evidently flowered.

"Then what are you doing?"

"Shrinking my underpants."

I reserve comment.

"Many years ago, I went with a nurse," she says, imitating me. "Once, when I had occasion to use her bathroom, the tub was full, and in it giant, pale jellyfish almost imperceptibly writhed. As it turned out, she was soaking her uniforms."

"I've boiled my eggs in that pan for fourteen years," I tell my wife when I return to bed. She is lying on her side, facing the wall. I cup her head with my hand. Sometimes, when she is too weary or too deep in sleep to reply, she communicates by shaking her head. Now, however, the movement is so slight—the least tremor—that I am unable to tell whether she is sympathetic (up and down) or, once more, fed up to here (side to side).

It is at this point that I hear someone playing the piano. I must explain that we live on the third floor, in the rear, and that our windows look out on what amounts to an immense airshaft; that is, although there are several neglected gardens below, strewn with sooty, rain-soaked toys, they are walled in by the backs of two other apartment houses and two loft buildings, one occupied by a machine shop, the other seemingly empty save for an acting studio.

From our windows you have to crane your neck to see the sky, and I have never seen a woman disrobing or a migratory bird. In the day there is the whine of machinery, at night there are unearthly cries. When we first moved in, we thought these were the product of passion or violence, but we soon learned that they came from the acting studio.

I called the police.

"Sixth Precinct. O'Hanrahan speaking."

"Officer O'Hanrahan, people are screaming outside my window."

"Yes."

"You can't *hear* them?"

"No."

"If you'll hang on a minute, I'll stick the receiver outside the window."

"That won't be necessary."

"It won't take a second. I've got a long cord. Did you hear *that*? Are you still there?"

"We can't do anything about it until after eleven. If it's still going on then—"

"They're actors and actresses."

"—I'll send a couple of men over."

To return to the piano music. In the drab, barbarous setting I've described, its notes glitter like a toad's eye. I get up and peer through the blinds. One window is lit. I see a man in pajamas playing Mozart's Fantasy in C Minor. Actually, all I can see of him is his left hand, a pajama sleeve. In the cadenza, more of him comes into view: for instance, his unshaven cheek, his right hand. The sixty-fourths defeat him. He falls behind, breaks off, starts the cadenza anew. Again he cannot keep the tempo. He strikes wrong notes, stops. He will never reach the andantino. His left hand holds a chord, but it has died out or is so faint I can no longer hear it. I imagine his right hand supporting his head—a pose I'm acquainted with.

He arises and approaches the window, and I see that he is me, too—that is, in the sense that he could be my shadow cast across the dismal gulf. The impression is so vivid, I hesitate to move lest it be confirmed.

"How to account for this melancholy apprehension?" my wife says in further imitation of me. "I never got beyond 'Little Keyboard Frolics.' "

"I did."

"How far?"

" 'More Little Keyboard Frolics.' "

A DAY or two later I get out of bed under the scrutiny of cats. One cat is looking me over from the floor, another is looking me in the eye from a radiator cover, a third is looking down at me from the top of a bookcase, its tail swishing in front of a set of Carlyle. (It has often been my lot to be thrown among cats. No good has ever come of it.) On this occasion, the bed is not my own, and it is 1:30 P.M.

"Have they been there the whole time?" I say to the person still in bed, who nods. "Did they see everything?" She nods again. "Do you think they'll remember what they saw?"

"If they do," she says, "they wouldn't dream of telling my husband."

I thoughtfully put on my socks.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going."

"But you've only been here forty-five minutes."

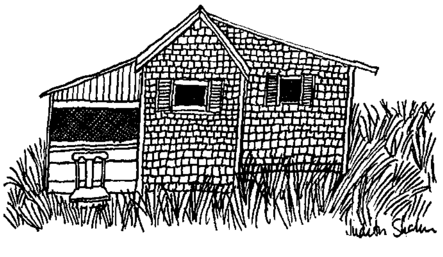
"I've got to go to the Y."

"Go later."

"Then I'll have to swim in the small pool. They kick you out of the large pool at two-thirty. Actually, I have to be in the water by two-ten, because it takes me twenty minutes to do my laps. My record is fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds. I was younger. Also, I may have miscounted."

"Oh."

"The large pool is twenty-five yards long, the small pool is twenty, so if I start out in the large pool and am obliged to switch to the small pool, I have to do this math in my head while I'm swimming, to figure out how many small-pool laps I have to swim in addition to the large-pool laps I've already swum to make them add up to a half mile—which is how far I swim—and I lose track of what number lap I'm swimming."



"What do you do in that case?"

"I go back to the last recollected lap."

"So don't go until later and do all your laps in the small pool."

"You make more turns in the small pool than you would swimming the same distance in the large pool. There's more pushing off. When you push off you're not swimming, you're gliding. In other words, to swim the equivalent of a half mile in the large pool you have to swim . . . Besides, the water's warmer. They always keep the water in the small pool warmer than the water in the large pool, and the water in the large pool is too warm."

"Why don't you ask them to lower the temperature?"

"I do. They tell me the older members complain when the temperature is below eighty. I tell them it's the *Young* Men's Christian Association. They tell me they can't disregard a member's feelings just because he has grown old. 'Ah, you will grow old, too,' they tell me."

"Why don't you skip the Y altogether for a day?"

"But then I couldn't weigh myself."

"Please?"

"I weigh myself every day I go swimming. There's a scale at the Y."

"What would happen if you didn't weigh yourself one day?"

"It would leave a gap."

"A gap?"

"Or lacuna. Each day, I put my weight down in an appointment book.

TIDE AT GLOUCESTER

In the night you awake to it
Just at the time of its coming,
So silent, it is like a feeling,
But you wake all the same to its breathing
As it begins to rise and slowly swell in
Until your house seems gliding
Into the animal swashing and riding
Lapping now at the piers
And you sink once again in the drowse
Of the first long-brimming rise.

And then—good morning, good morning!
Light rippling over the ceiling
To the high C's and F's of the gulls
As a dragger in a swirl of wings,
Half hauled, it would seem, by this cloud of birds,
Crying over its cargo, throbs by,
And riding its wake two boys in a dory,
Who, when the commotion settles, set forth
Over the lustre, as silent and deft
With their skimming oars as spiders
That walk upon and pleat the waters.

—JEAN GARRIGUE

• •

JOSEPH FARRIS

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I've got books going back nine or ten years. You can spot trends."

"For one day, couldn't you put a weight down without actually weighing yourself? You could approximate it."

"I wouldn't dream of falsifying my weight."

"It wouldn't be a falsehood if you never actually *weighed* yourself."

"If I didn't weigh myself, I wouldn't put my weight down. It's an historical document. It reminds me of who I was."

By this time, I'm knotting my tie. I'm at the window, looking out.

"Do you see that apartment over there?" she says, joining me. "The other night we heard someone playing the piano. We couldn't see him. The piano is out of sight."

"It might have been a recording."

"He kept making mistakes and starting all over again."

If my life were of my devising, through the windows of the apartment she indicated I would see the marble-topped table at which I write. Josh would be curled before my open dictionary, having leaped on the chair on which I sit while I write, and from there gained the table, as though he had sought to look up something I had not satisfactorily defined and, finding the task beyond him, given himself over to sleep. I would mark how he resembled the marble dogs that lie at the marble feet of effigies—often, in fact, support them. And I would recall that when I went to the yard to buy the stone for my tabletop the man dashed a pail of water on the great, unpolished slab, revealing its color and pattern.

"But the moment passes," she says, evidently impersonating me.

AS I go down her stairs on the way to the Y, I am made aware, as I was when I climbed them, of a pervasive, musty odor. It is, I realize, a smell I associate with the stairwells of poorly maintained brownstones, which, in the years before my marriage, I would ascend to see one girl or another who served casseroles and put Vivaldi on the phonograph while making love.

Once again it is borne in upon me that my life is repeating itself, only this time around I have to pause on the landings on the way up to catch my breath, and WCBS-FM has superseded "The Four Seasons." In another ten years, I will have reached the point I am at now—between the third and second floors, on the way down—and so forth.

A man climbing up draws abreast of me. He is wearing modified bells and has luxuriant gray sideburns—possibly the husband. As our paths cross, he murmurs, "My life stands revealed as a Sisyphean ordeal, with Groucho Marx as Sisyphus, a partly deflated beach ball for a boulder." The conceit isn't half bad, but the imitation is barely acceptable.

It would behoove me to change, to see another class of girl—a stewardess, say, or cocktail waitress, with a Dynel pouf and a twenty-four-hour doorman, a girl who reads Jeane Dixon and says "shirr" for "sure."

"May I . . . ?"

"Shirr."

"Do you like it when I do this?"

"Shirr."

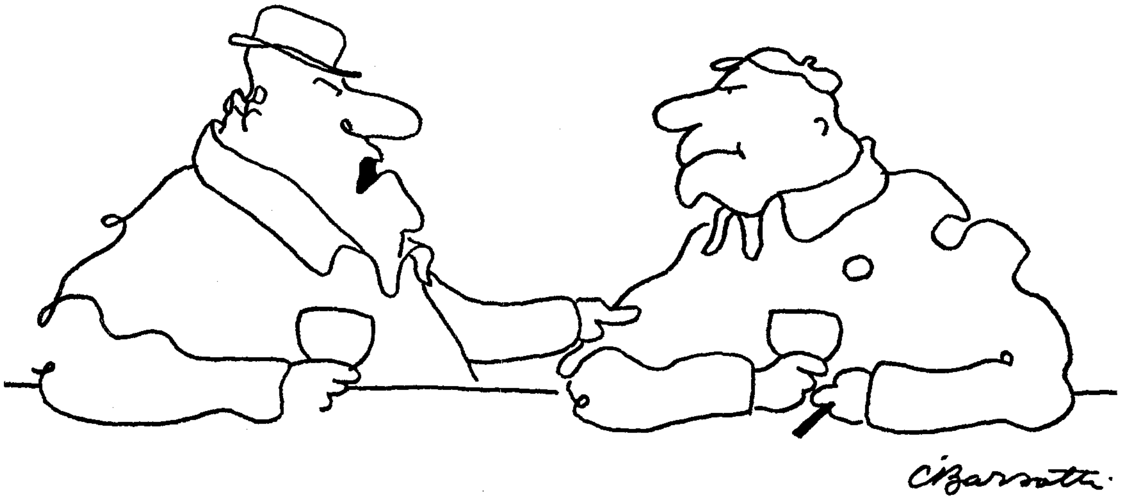
"And this?"

"Shirr."

"How about me? Do you like me a little bit?"

"Shirr."

"Do you agree with Kierkegaard when he says, 'It is perfectly true, as



“Speaking as one blue-collar worker, I’ll tell you what I’m sick of. I’m sick of all these politicians pandering to my baser fears and prejudices.”

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philosophers say, that life must be understood backwards. But they forget the other proposition, that it must be lived forwards. And if one thinks over that proposition it becomes more and more evident that life can never really be understood in time, simply because at no particular moment can I find the necessary resting place from which to understand it—backwards’?”

“Shirr.”

“I JUST called to let you know that I didn’t weigh myself.”

“You *didn’t?*”

“There wasn’t any scale. Evidently, it was inaccurate, for it was taken out to be repaired.”

“I see.”

“I’m up in the air.”

I GO to one of my stepson’s basketball games. He has forbidden me to speak to him at half time or after the game; I am also not allowed to speak to the coach or, even, to the official scorer to see how many points Stephen got. For this, and for other desolating reasons, I get on the officials. You may have heard me: “On the arm! ON THE ARM!”

My stepson is taken out in the second quarter and never reappears—doesn’t “get any more light,” as he would say. From my seat high in the crowded bleachers, I gaze down at him on the bench across the court, impassive, resplendent in his shimmering purple-and-gold uniform, and shake my head. By this I mean to reassure him of the strength of my affection—that I don’t know why the coach doesn’t put him back in, either, and that my life is tremendously sad. He doesn’t respond.

That evening when he comes home, I ask him whether he saw me at the game.

“I always see you,” he says.

“Did you see me shaking my head?”

“You always do that.”

MY mother calls. “As you know,” she says, “I’ve been lying here sick, so I’ve had the opportunity to think about that old pile-lined coat you insist on wearing. It’s unworthy of a man in your position.”

“Don’t give it another thought, Ma.”

“But it’s falling apart. It makes you look like one of those derelicts you see. Even Sean wouldn’t wear something like that. You’ve exhausted it. Ragged pieces flap about.”

“The coat has assumed too much prominence in your life, Ma.”

“No, in yours. You even chose to wear it when you came to lunch with me and Dad, and we live in a conventional neighborhood. Abercrombie’s having a sale on pile-lined coats. Dad’s willing to forgo his lunch hour and meet you there.”

“I’m forty-two years old.”

“And you’ve been wearing that coat since you were sixteen. Are you trying to set a record at my expense?”

MY wife says, “Guess what happened to me today.”

I say, “I give up.”

“I went to Dr. Prigozy for a checkup, and he said I had grown more than an inch. Last year I was five one and a quarter. Now I’m five two and a half.”

“Forty-three-year-old people don’t grow.”

“Won’t you let something exceptional happen to me?”

“I’m calling Prigozy.”

While I dial, the immense suburban hedges against which so many nineteenth-century ideologues, autodidacts, crackpots posed for their photographs come to mind—great, rank barriers imaginably stories high, through whose dense and mysterious foliage tram bells, footfalls but faintly penetrated.

“I hope I’m not disturbing you, Dr. Prigozy, but are you really of the opinion that it is possible to grow when you’re past forty?”

I ENTER the Intergalactic College of Love. My stepdaughter and Sean live in the basement. This is my first visit. I sit on a mattress on the floor, alongside Andrea, and we hold a conversation. It lasts nearly an hour—by far the longest we’ve ever had. As we speak, it grows dark. Sean is practicing with his electric yo-yo. He does a man-on-the-flying-trapeze. He rocks the baby. He does a double-brain-twister. He does a sleeping-beauty. He walks the dog. He does an around-the-world. The fiery yo-yo swings about the darkened room like a heavenly body.

I struggle to my feet. “I’ve got to go,” I say.

My stepdaughter accompanies me upstairs. In the foyer, we come to a stop before a hand-lettered notice: “Vacuum Bee, 11 P.M.”

“I wonder what *that* is,” she says, giggling.

She could be six—an age at which I didn’t know her, she me. If we had, we might have rescued each other. I want to hug her. There is no precedent. I write this in longhand, consoled by my familiar loops, my bars, my terminal strokes. These are my lineaments.

—GILBERT ROGIN

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NEWS STORIES WE WISH WE’D STOPPED READING AT THE END OF THE SECOND PARAGRAPH

[*From the Riverside* (*Calif.*) *Daily Enterprise*]

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (AP)—Arnie Cantu proposed marriage to Blanche Marotta with words flashed on an electric sign.

Cantu, 24, on Saturday drove with Miss Marotta, 20, into a local shopping center, and as he had arranged the sign flashed the words, “Blanche will you marry me? Arnie.”

Unknown to Cantu, Miss Marotta knew about the unusual marriage proposal.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE OLD MAN

NOW Sunday was over, and Paul Clement lay in bed in his room and wished for Marshall, his one wish in all the world right now (and he was a boy with many wishes; "If wishes were horses beggars would ride," his mother said when people wished). But Marshall was in Baton Rouge; he had not seen her since the Clements moved from there to Lafayette after the second grade. Maybe he would never see her again. But he would. When he was old enough to drive a car, he would go to Baton Rouge and surprise her. She would squeal and hug him. He saw her, sixteen years old, running down her front steps and sidewalk to meet him; she had breasts and used lipstick and she wore a white dress. Paul knew that now, at ten, he was good-looking—his face was his only pride, it was why Marshall had been his girl—and when he was sixteen he would be even more handsome and bigger and stronger, too, because he had been praying every night and at Mass for God to make him an athlete.

He met Marshall in the second grade, a brown-eyed tomboy; she hated dresses, she got dirty when she played, and she brought two cap pistols and a dump truck to the scrap-iron pile at school. ("We sold the Japs our scrap iron, and now they're using it against us," his father said.) Once at recess she drove away with rocks fat Warren, who was kicking dust at Paul. There was a girl named Penny, with long black hair; she sat behind him in class and handed him pictures she drew (he remembered one of her father lying in bed with a broken leg, the leg suspended and weights hanging from it). Penny was prettier than Marshall, but she sometimes irritated him because she always wanted to hold his hand while they waited in line to go into school, and when there was a movie at school she held him captive, pulling him down the auditorium aisle and into a seat beside her, and during the movie her head was warm on his shoulder, her long hair tickling his throat and damp where it pressed his cheek. So he loved Marshall more. His sisters, Amy and Barbara, and his mother knew about Marshall, but his father did not. When Paul told his mother, she said, "Aren't you going to tell Daddy you have a girl friend?"

"No."

"You should talk more with Daddy. He loves y'all very much, but he doesn't know how to talk to children."

His mother said she would keep his secret. One warm afternoon after school he was to go to a birthday party at a girl's house. His mother asked if Marshall would be there, and he said yes. She smiled and combed his hair with her fingers. "Now don't you kiss her," she said, in her tease voice.

At the party, they played hide-and-seek, and he and Marshall sat on a running board in the garage; the boy who was It passed by without looking in. The lawn and garage were quiet now; the game had passed them, and Marshall said, "Kiss me."

"No."

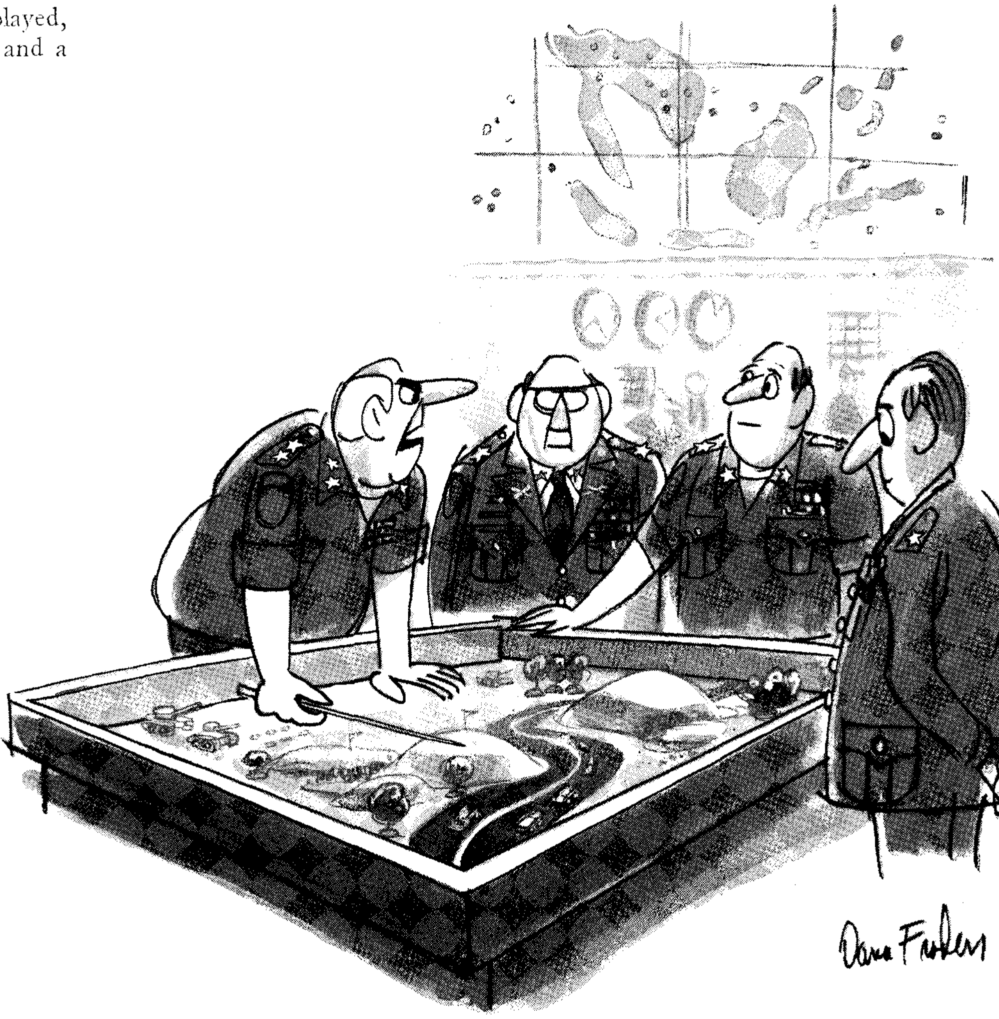
"Please." She had olive skin, her brown eyes were large, and a front tooth was missing.

"If you close your eyes," he said. She did, and he kissed her lips and tasted the line of sweat above her mouth.

After hide-and-seek, Marshall and Paul got on the swing hanging from an oak. Marshall wanted him to sit; she stood facing him, her feet squeezed between his hips and the ropes, her skirt moving against his face as she pumped them higher and higher till they swung up level with the branch where the ropes were tied, and she said, "I'd like to go *all* around, *over* the branch." Paul hoped she wouldn't try.

When he got home his mother asked if he kissed Marshall and he said yes. She smiled and hugged him.

Here in Lafayette he did not have a girl. He did not even know a girl his age, because he didn't go to a public school now; he went to Cathedral, a boys' school taught by Christian Brothers. At the school in Baton Rouge there had been recess, but no one told you what to play and usually he had been with Penny or Marshall, mostly Marshall. But at Cathedral there was physical education for an hour every day, and it was like being in Baton Rouge when his father still played with them, throwing a tennis ball in the back yard. If Barbara or Amy threw to Paul he sometimes caught it and sometimes did



"Will you please quit saying, 'War is too important to leave to us generals'!"

not, but when his father threw it or even if his father was just watching, his muscles stiffened and his belly fluttered and he always missed. At Cathedral it was like that, like being watched by his father.

His father had not played golf in Baton Rouge, or for the first two years in Lafayette; then a priest named Father O'Gorman started coming over and eating supper with them. In summer before supper the men drank beer on the screen porch and listened to the six-o'clock news. Father O'Gorman was a bulky man who always smelled like cigars; he liked to tousle Paul's hair. He told Paul's mother not to worry that her husband was an Episcopalian and didn't go to church. "Any man who kneels down and says his prayers every night the way your husband does is a good man." That is what Father O'Gorman told her; she told it to Paul, who had not worried about his father going to Hell until the day his mother said the priest said he would not.

Father O'Gorman got Paul's father interested in golf. Soon he had clubs and a bag and shoes, and was taking lessons, playing every Saturday and Sunday, and practicing two or three times a week after work and sometimes on Saturday mornings. One night at supper Paul's mother said to Father O'Gorman, "If I run off with another man it'll be your fault, Father." She was smiling the way she did when she didn't see anything funny. "My husband and I used to be together every weekend, now I'm all by myself."

Paul had not liked those weekends very much. On many Sundays they had gone to New Iberia to visit his mother's family, the Kelleys, who had once had money and lived in a big brick house with Negro women working inside and Negro men working in a yard as big as a school ground, but later all the money was gone and the house, too, and the married aunts and uncles lived like the Clements in small white houses on quiet streets. Those drives to New Iberia were quiet; once there, though, his parents had drinks, and on the way home there was talking.

"I'm home every night," his father said. "She knows that."

"Well, sure you're home, when it's too dark to see the ball, and all your cronies and Betsy Robichaux have gone home, so there's nobody to drink your old beer with." She was smiling at Paul's father, and winking at Father O'Gorman.

Paul's father practiced on a school ground near their house, and he wanted Paul to shag balls for him. The pay was fifty cents, and it was an easy job to stand daydreaming with a canvas bag in his hand and watch his father's small faceless figure, the quick pencil-small flash of swinging golf club, and then spot the ball in the air and stay clear of it till it struck the ground. Easy enough, and he liked earning the money. But he did not like to shag balls, for it wasn't simply a job like raking leaves. He was supposed to like picking up balls that his father hit; afterward, in the car, he was supposed to be interested while his father explained the different irons and woods, and told why sometimes he sliced and sometimes hooked. And he was supposed to want to caddie, to spend all Sunday afternoon following his father around the golf course. "Maybe you'll want to caddie one of these Sundays," his father said as they drove home from the school ground. "I know you can't miss the Saturday picture show, but maybe Sundays—keeps the money in the family that way." Paul sat stiffly, looking through the windshield, smelling the leather golf bag and his father's sweat—these new threatening smells. "Maybe so," he said.

NOW tonight if Marshall were here with him, and if for some reason his parents and Amy and Barbara left the house and went someplace, like visiting in New Iberia, he and Marshall would go to the kitchen and he would make peanut-butter and blackberry-preserve sandwiches. They would take them with glasses of cold milk to the living room, where the large lazy-sounding oscillating floor fan moved the curtain at one end of its arc, then rustled the Sunday paper on the couch as it swept back. He would sit beside her on the couch, and when they finished the sandwiches he would rest his head in her lap and look up at her bright eyes and tell her about today—how at Sunday dinner his father had said, "Want to come out today?" and he had chewed a large bite of chocolate cake, trying to think of a reason not to, and then swallowed and said, "Sure."

After dinner, his father got an extra pack of Luckies from the bedroom, and then it was time to go. His mother walked out on the screen porch with them; the wisteria climbing the screen was blooming lavender. "Keep an eye on him in this heat," she said to his father.

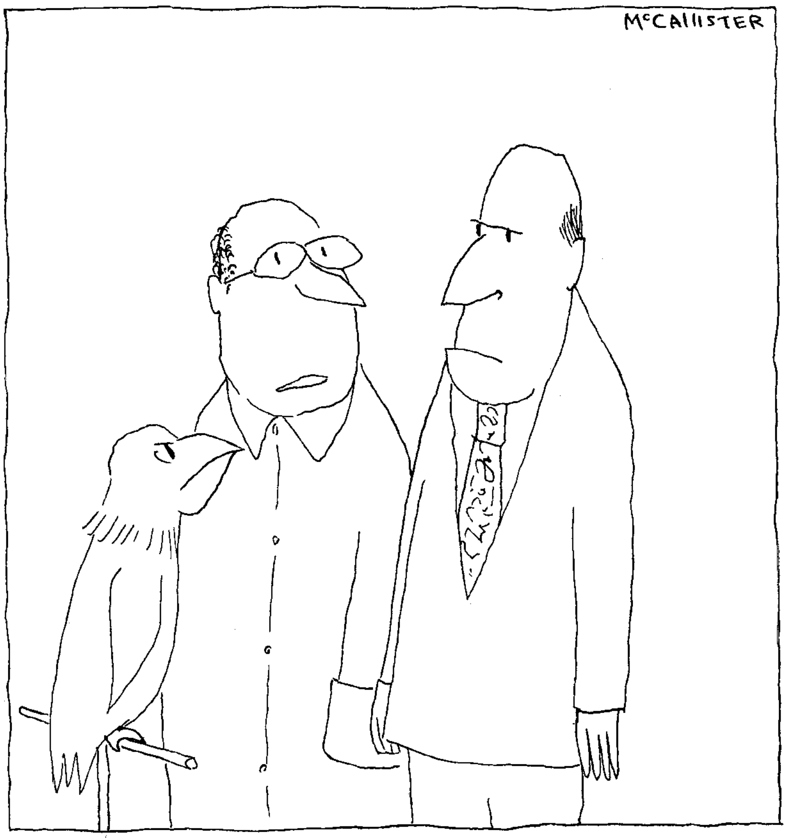
"I will."

She kissed them. As they walked to the car, she called, "Look at my two handsome men. Paul, be a good influence on your father, bring him home early."

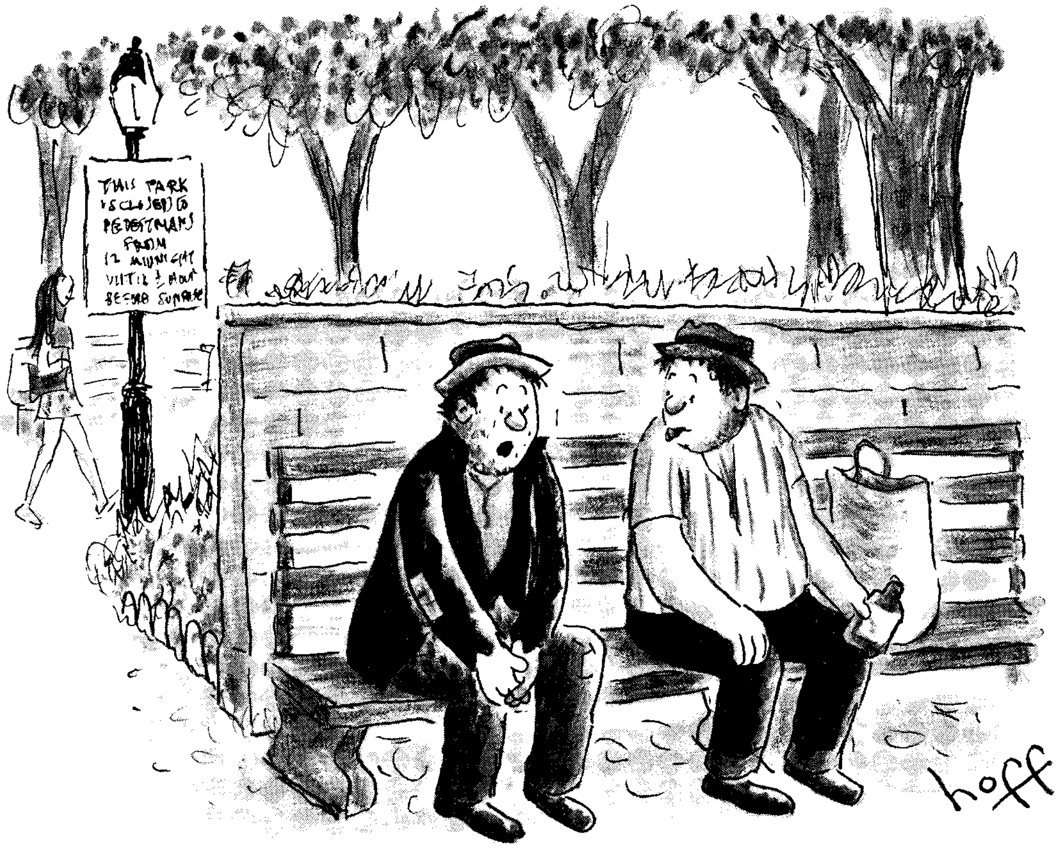
In the car, they did not talk for six blocks or so. Then his father told him he ought to have a cap to keep the sun off his head, and Paul said he'd be O.K.

"That mama of yours, if I bring you home with a headache she'll say the golf course is the only place the sun shines."

Paul smiled. The rest of the way to the



"He said 'Pretty Polly,' didn't he? For fifteen dollars, you want William F. Buckley, Jr., type rejoinders?"


THIS PARK IS CLOSED TO PEDESTRIANS FROM 12 MIDNIGHT UNTIL ½ HOUR BEFORE SUNRISE
hoff

"I'm a miser with nothing to count."

golf course, they did not talk. Walking to the clubhouse, Paul trailed a step or two behind his father. Caddies stood near the sidewalk—tall boys with dirty bare feet or ragged sneakers and hard brown biceps. Several of them were smoking. ("It stunts the growth," his mother said.) They were the kind of boys Paul always yielded the sidewalk to when he walked to the cowboy show and serial in town on Saturdays. Paul looked out at the golf course, shielding his eyes with one hand, and studied the distant greens and fairways as he and his father passed the boys and their smell of cigarette smoke and sweat and sweet hair oil.

"Mr. Clement, you need a caddie?"

"No thanks, Tujack. I got my boy."

From under his shielding hand, Paul stared over the flat fairway at a tiny red flag, hanging limply over the heat shimmer. As he followed his father into the clubhouse, he felt their eyes on him; then, turning a corner around the showcase of clubs, he was out of their vision, and he followed his father's broad shoulders and brown hairy arms into the locker room. His father sat on a bench and put on his golf shoes.

"That Tujack's going to be a hell of a golfer."

"He plays?"

"They all play, these caddies."

Outside, in the hot dust behind the clubhouse, his father strapped the golf bag onto a cart, and Paul pulled it behind him to the first tee. Tujack was there, a tall wiry boy of about sixteen, a golf bag slung over his shoulder. Paul shook hands with Mr. Blanchet, Mr. Voorhies, Mr. Peck. Each of them, as he shook hands, looked Paul up and down, as though to judge what sort of boy their friend had. Paul gave his father the driver and then pulled the cart away from the tee, stopping short of the three caddies, who stood under a sycamore. He was the only one using a cart, and he wished his father hadn't done that. I can carry it, he wanted to say.

The first hole had a long dogleg going to the left around a field of short brown weeds. His father shot first, driving two-thirds of the way down the first leg; he came over and gave Paul the driver and stood between him and the caddies, closing the distance. "You'll be on in two, Mr. Clement," Tujack said.

"You could, Tujack. Not me."

They were quiet while the others shot, and then Paul walked beside his father, pulling the cart behind him. It seemed badly balanced, and he watched the ground ahead of him for those small rises that might tip the cart over on its side with a shamefaced clanking of clubs. After the first nine, they stopped at the clubhouse for a drink, and his father asked him how he was holding up. "Fine," Paul said. He was. He didn't tire on the second nine, either. It was a hot afternoon, but he liked to sweat, and there was not much need for talking. ("Good shot. Well, let's see what I can do with the brassie.") Usually, between shots, he walked a little to the rear, and his father talked to one of the men.

When they finished playing, his father gave him a dollar and a quarter and told him he was a good caddie, then asked if he was tired or too hot and what did he want to drink, and took him into the clubhouse and up to the counter. "Give this boy a Grapette and some cheese crackers," his father said, his hand coming down on Paul's shoulder, staying there.

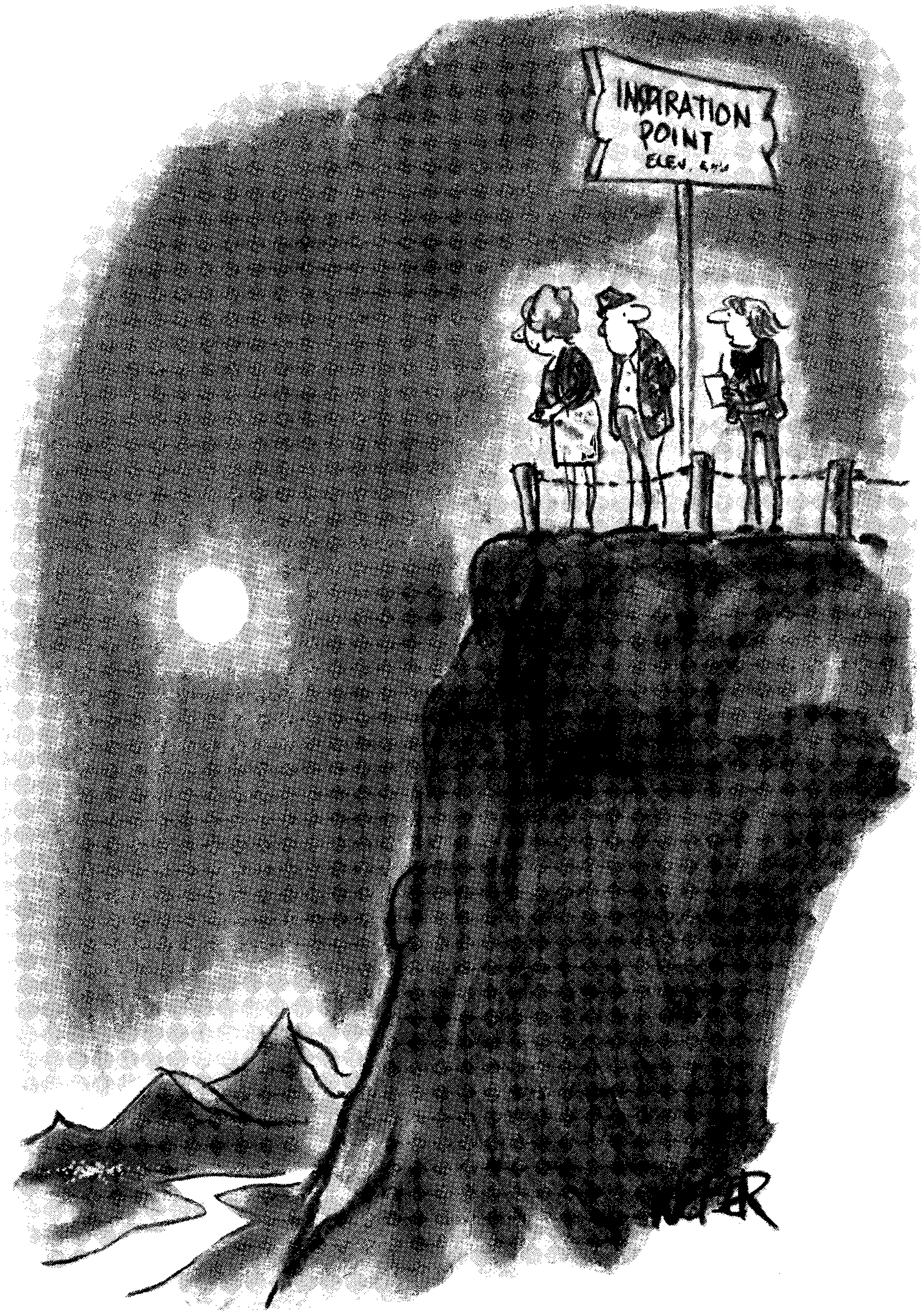
"That your boy?" the man behind the counter said.

"That's him," the hand on Paul's shoulder squeezing now, rocking him back and forth. Paul lowered his eyes and smiled and blushed, just as he did each time his father said, "I'd like you to meet my boy," his father smiling, mussing his hair, Paul shaking the large extended hand, squeezing it ("Always squeeze," his mother told him. "Don't give someone a dead fish"). "He's got a good grip," one man had said, and for a moment Paul had been proud.

Now his father was drinking beer with his friends—what Paul's mother called the nineteenth hole. Paul liked watching him have fun, pouring the good summer-smelling beer in his glass, laughing, talking about the game they just played and other games they had played. They talked about baseball, too; a team called the Dodgers was going to have a colored boy playing this year. Betsy Robichaux and another woman came to their table, and the four men and Paul stood up; Mr. Peck got two chairs from the next table. Paul squeezed the women's hands, too, but not quite as hard.

"He's got his daddy's looks," Betsy Robichaux said.

His father grinned and his blue eyes twinkled. She was not really pretty but she was nice-looking, Paul thought. She sat opposite him with her back to



"Excuse me. What rhymes with 'moon'?"

• •

the window that ran the length of the clubhouse, so he watched her, caught himself staring at her now and then, but most of the time he remembered to pretend he was looking past her at the eighteenth green, where long-shadowed men leaned on putters. She was deeply tanned and slender. Her voice was husky, she laughed a lot, she said hell and damn, and she was always smoking a Pall Mall, gesturing with it in her ringless left hand. Paul knew she was not a lady like his mother, but he liked watching women smoke, for a cigarette made them somehow different, like women in movies instead of mothers. She sat there talking golf with the men, and Paul knew his father liked talking golf with her better than with his mother, who only pretended she was interested (Paul could tell by her voice). But thinking about his mother made him feel guilty, as though he were betraying his father, as though he were his mother's spy, recording every time his father said "Betsy." He decided to count the beers his father drank, so if his mother said something Paul could defend him.

His father drank five beers (Paul had two Grapettes and two packages of cheese crackers with peanut butter), and then it was dusk and they drove home, his father talking all the way in his drinking voice, relaxed, its tone without edges now, rounded by some quality that was almost tenderness, almost affection. He talked golf. Sometimes, when he paused, Paul said yes. As they approached the corner of their street, his father reached over and lightly slapped Paul's leg, then gave it a squeeze.

"Well," he said. "It's not so bad to spend an afternoon with the old man, is it?"

"Nope," Paul said, and knew at once how that sounded, how his father must have heard only their failure in that one little word, because how could his father possibly know, ever forever know, that even that one word had released so much that tears came to his eyes, and it was as if his soul wanted to talk and hug his father but his body could not, and all he could do was in silence love his father as though he were a memory, as the afternoon already was a memory.

His mother met them on the screen porch. "Did my two men have fun together?"

"Sure we did. He's a good caddie."

"Did you have fun?" she asked Paul.

He took a quick deep breath, closed his mouth tightly, pressed a finger under his nose, and pretended to hold back a sneeze as he walked past her.

NOW in his bed he grew sleepy to the sound of the fan. He wondered if they would have a new car when he was a big boy. He saw the car as a blue one, and it smelled new inside. Now Marshall came out in her white dress and kissed him in the evening sun right there on her front steps; she had the line of sweat over her lips and smelled of perfume. Holding hands, they walked to the car. Her head came to about his shoulder; just before he opened the car door, she put her hand on his bicep and squeezed it. Her face was lovely and sad for him. "I'm glad you're taking me," she said.

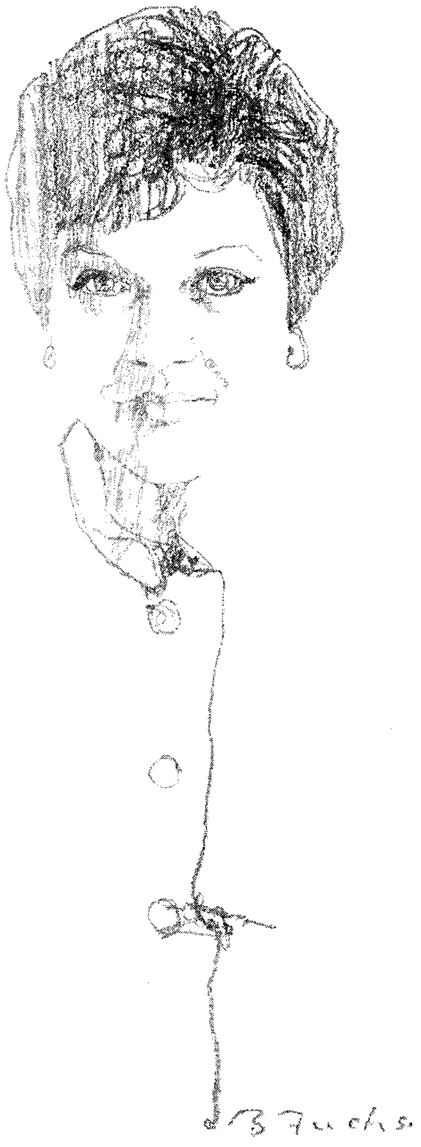
In the car, she slid close to him. Her arms were dark against the lap of her dress. He offered his pack of Luckies, and they lit them from the dashboard lighter. They drove out of town, then on a long road through woods. The road started climbing and they came out above the woods at trimmed bright grass and spreading live oaks, and in their shade old tombstones and crosses. They left the car and very quietly, holding hands, they walked in the oak shade to his father's grave. He made the sign of the cross, bowed his head, and prayed for his father's soul. When Marshall saw the tears in his eyes, she put her arm around his waist and hugged him tightly while he prayed.

—Andre Dubus

⁂ PROFILES ⁂

WHEN I OPEN UP DOWN THERE, YOU'D BETTER LOOK OUT

IN a recent conversation, Terry McEwen, who is a frustrated tenor as well as the manager of the classical division of London Records, and who presumably knows a good deal about singers, remarked that although Joan Sutherland was, in his opinion, the world's greatest singer, the world's greatest voice belonged to Marilyn Horne. Allowing for the possible exaggeration that always attaches to the term "world's greatest" and for possible prejudice on Mr. McEwen's part (he records both singers), most concert- and operagoers would agree with him. Miss Horne has a voice of almost incredible power and range, and long training has made it into one of the most technically efficient instruments in the history of singing. As great singers go, she is young, being just thirty-eight (most great singers are great between the ages of thirty-five and fifty), and she may be regarded as being at her peak, or rapidly approaching it. Her voice is remarkable for its quality throughout its enormous range, which includes areas ordinarily patrolled by contraltos, mezzo-sopranos, and dramatic sopranos, and for its agility and accuracy. Its texture is warm—powerful at the bottom and brilliant at the top—and her way of using it often reminds one of a skillful skier rushing down slopes, making spectacular jumps, and always landing with absolute accuracy. Her range permits her to sing every kind of music and to play every kind of role—all the way from the timid Mimi of "La Bohème," through the most exacting parts of the bel-canto repertory, to the thundering notes of Wagner's Brünnhilde. So far, she has not specialized, and there is considerable speculation among opera buffs as to just which way she will finally go. Even Miss Horne herself is not quite sure. She has billed herself as a mezzo-soprano, but in the program of her most recent New York recital she called herself a soprano, and proved it by singing a number of unquestionably soprano arias. Besides being able to sing almost anything in the operatic repertory, she is a very quick study. Kurt Herbert Adler, the general director of the San Francisco Opera, once said, "You don't ask what the role is. You ask if Marilyn is available. She can learn a part quicker than almost anyone I've ever seen."



Marilyn Horne

Miss Horne's recent career has been stunning. Her American début—with the San Francisco Opera in 1960—was in the soprano role of Marie in Alban Berg's bitterly realistic opera "Wozzeck," a role she repeated later at Covent Garden. Shortly afterward, she embarked on the most florid of coloratura roles, usually singing with Joan Sutherland and helping her bring back the almost forgotten bel-canto operas of the early nineteenth century. She did the role of Arsace in Rossini's "Semiramide" under the direction of Sarah Caldwell in Boston in 1965, and did it again, to enormous ovations, at the Chicago Opera. There was also a series of "Norma"s with Miss Sutherland. First, the opera was done for the Vancouver Opera Association, in 1963. Then it was recorded for R.C.A.-Victor, followed by two seasons at Covent Garden. Finally, in March, 1970, it reached the Metropolitan, and, though the staging left something to be desired, the singing of Miss Sutherland and Miss Horne was generally regarded as brilliant. (After one performance, Rudolf Bing, the general manager of the Met, called up Miss Horne at home and said that he wanted her to sing the role of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" at the Met the next June. She replied that she was already under contract for that month. "What's a contract?" said Mr. Bing jocularly. "It's a contract with *Covent Garden*," Miss Horne said. "What's Covent Garden?" Mr. Bing went on in the same vein. "Oh," said Miss Horne, realizing that she was getting nowhere, "it's a place where I sell fruits and vegetables." Later, she said to a friend, "Mr. Bing does so like to be funny.") Additionally, over the past eleven years, Miss Horne has appeared (with Beverly Sills) as Néoclès in Rossini's "The Siege of Corinth" at La Scala; in the same composer's "The Barber of Seville" at the Chicago Opera; in Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" (an opera that is almost unheard today because of its difficulty) on the Italian radio; in Bellini's "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi" at Carnegie Hall; and in practically all the recently revived bel-canto operas. She has also recorded, for London Records, the mezzo role in Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," the title role in Gluck's "Orfeo," and the lyric-soprano role of Zerlina in Mozart's "Don Giovanni." And she has sung Brünnhilde's immolation scene from "Götterdämmerung" with the Boston Symphony, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The point of all this is that these roles are among the most difficult in opera—some wildly ornate, others powerful and sustained—and that for Miss Horne they constituted a collective challenge that she accepted and brought off with something very near vocal perfection. By the time she made her Metropolitan début, in "Norma," Miss Horne was already known throughout the operatic world as one of its most extraordinary virtuosos.

This fall, Miss Horne, owing to a peculiar set of circumstances that have nothing to do with her vocal ability, is to open the season at the Metropolitan Opera House in the title role of a new production of "Carmen." It is not a role that she is famous for, though she *has* sung it, having dubbed the part for Dorothy Dandridge in the movie

"Carmen Jones" very early in her career, and having sung the real thing in San Francisco in 1961 and in Philadelphia the following year. After Philadelphia, she vowed never to sing it again—or at least not until her voice was ready for the role, which she felt it was in 1968, when she did the opera for Sarah Caldwell in Boston. But the circumstances of her opening at the Met were dictated by extraneous factors involving the late Goeran Gentele and his predecessor as the Met's general manager, Mr. Bing. It was Mr. Gentele who decided on "Carmen" to open the new season, but it was Mr. Bing who controlled the casting. He had signed up Miss Horne and the dynamic tenor James McCracken (two singers hardly anyone could imagine on the same stage) for the season opener, whatever Mr. Gentele decided it should be; for himself, Mr. Bing proposed "Tannhäuser." As it happens, "Tannhäuser" is one of the dowdiest and most moth-eaten productions in the Metropolitan's repertory, and Mr. Gentele wasn't having any of it. But he was stuck with Mr. Bing's all but insoluble casting combination: one of the most powerful tenors alive plus one of the most powerful and agile sopranos. It must have been an agonizing moment, but Mr. Gentele rose to it gallantly. He decided to do a new production of "Carmen," directed by himself, and somehow utilize the casting that Mr. Bing had laid out for him with the tightest of contracts. Mr. Gentele's tragic death on Sardinia in July has not altered the planning; "Carmen," with Miss Horne and Mr. McCracken, will open the season. Only the director has changed: Bodo Igesz, an excellent man who has long been languishing in the ranks of the Met's assistant directors. It will be an interesting production. Mr. McCracken, while among the most powerful of tenors, may or may not exhibit the lyricism and the combination of tenderness and fury that the role of Don José demands. Miss Horne can toss off the vocal requirements of Carmen with no trouble at all, but will she make a great Carmen as an actress? Will Mr. Igesz be able to modify the talents of both artists so that a harmonious and believable whole is achieved? If so, he will have produced a miracle. Old fans and standees at the Metropolitan are waiting breathlessly for the outcome.

BUSINESS HOURS

(For Austin Warren)

If the earth were thin-
skinned enough, it might
be as beautiful as a girl with
rosy cheeks, her blood
bright from a brisk wind.

Veins of raw metal trail
through rock. Rivers
run, I suppose, even underneath ocean beds.

But the crust, opaque like a
crone's belly, wrinkled and
bloated, hides all the corpses.

Hills and mountains don't need our
rhetoric—they
fall on us of their own accord.

That reminds me—I must
back to the furnace. I'm
short of ingots, it being
the end of the month.

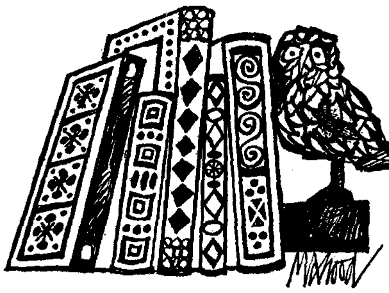
And as I lay
me down to sleep the soft
slur of remembered
words—a residue from business hours—will
remind me that I did not die today.

—Keith Waldrop

• •

OFFSTAGE, Miss Horne is a robust woman, standing about five feet two and a half inches, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, naturally pink cheeks, and an air of blooming health and vitality. She wears glasses practically everywhere she goes, often a pair of gold-rimmed grannies. She is forceful ("I am more apt to swear than cry," she said of herself the other day); extremely ambitious to set new records as a singer; a bit aggressive in her relations with any singer other than Miss Sutherland, whom she admires to the point of idolatry; and possessed of an enormous fund of good humor and spirit. She has a tireless interest in new or unfamiliar operas (she thinks Tchaikovsky's "Joan of Arc," which almost nobody has even heard of in recent years, is a great opera and should be produced), a go-ahead-and-hang-the-difficulties attitude toward her work, and an absolute independence of opinion, public or otherwise.

One instance of this independence is that Miss Horne is married to a black man—Henry Lewis, the conductor of the New Jersey Symphony. Mr. Lewis took over his present assignment four years ago, after a distinguished career as guest conductor and then assistant conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta. A Californian by birth, Mr. Lewis founded his own orchestra there—the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra—and in 1963 took it, along with Miss Horne, on a successful State Department-sponsored tour of Europe. In his present post, Mr. Lewis has made the New Jersey Symphony not only a fine orchestra but an exceptionally well-trained one. He also serves as Miss Horne's coach, and advises her on musical matters. The Lewises live in an upper-class section of Orange, New Jersey, in a pleasant house that looks as if it had come straight out of *House Beautiful*. Even the lawn and trees surrounding the house look as though they had been ordered from a catalogue, and the garden is manicured as only a professional can manicure it. All this indicates that the Lewises haven't time to bother with their own gardening or decorating, which is easy to believe, since both are busy artists, often on the road. The Lewises have a very intelligent seven-year-old daughter named Angela. Like all children of busy artists, Angela is the source of considerable worry to her parents. Mr. Lewis, a tall, rather handsome man,



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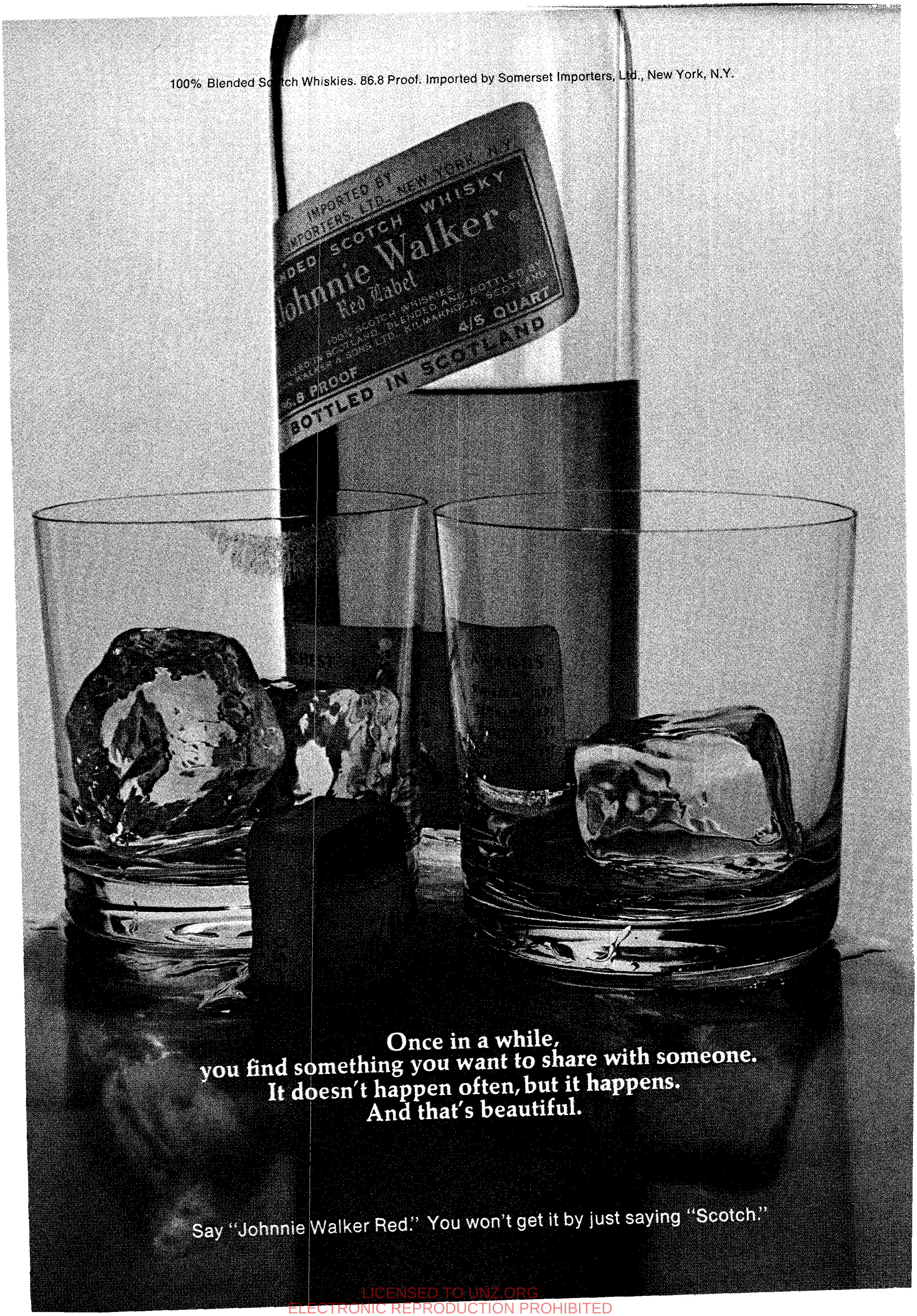

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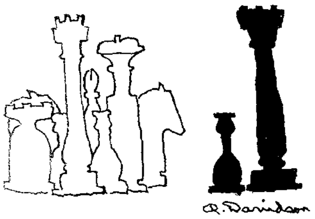
was extraordinary-looking—blue eyes, white hair. A former matinée idol. Women swooned over him. When he did Hamlet, the ladies used to die.” Under Ebert’s direction, she appeared with the Guild Opera Company, a professional troupe, playing Hansel in “Hansel and Gretel” and Hata in “The Bartered Bride” (both mezzo roles), and, finally, the lead in Rossini’s “La Cenerentola” (a contralto role requiring enormous agility). “That was the first coloratura role I ever sang,” she has said. “I didn’t know I was a coloratura. I knew I could sing all those notes, all right, but I didn’t realize that there was anything special about it. In fact, my father always said that you weren’t a singer at all unless you had that sort of agility.” Ebert apparently realized that there was something special about her ability to sing all those notes, and he advised her to go to Europe to continue her studies. Miss Horne determined that she would—as soon as she could. It was at about this time that she got the job of dubbing the voice of Carmen for Dorothy Dandridge. Actually, she had auditioned for a job in the chorus of the movie, singing the lyric-soprano role of Micaela as a sample of her talent. “I can sing low, too,” she assured her auditors, and she showed them. As a result, she was elevated from the chorus to Carmen herself. “For the movie, I tried to sing more like a movie actress than an opera singer,” she recalls today. Meanwhile, she was singing as a soloist in oratorios and operas around Los Angeles, and had acquired a manager, Dorothy Huttenback, who has remained a lifelong friend. She was also studying repertoire—recital, not opera—with Gwendolyn Koldofsky, the widow of Adolph Koldofsky, a well-known violinist who had specialized in the works of Schoenberg. Mrs. Koldofsky finally sent her to study with Lotte Lehmann, in Santa Barbara, and it was with Miss Lehmann that she learned the subtleties of lieder singing. “Lehmann opened up the whole world of what imagination can do for a singer,” she says. “She has an almost childish imagination. Recently, a critic accused me of trying to portray a different role in each song in a recital. That’s exactly what I *was* trying to do. That was Lehmann.”



Earlier, Miss Horne had appeared as a soloist at Robert Craft’s famous Monday Evening Concerts in Los Angeles, at which more music by Stravinsky was played than was being heard anywhere else. Through these concerts she met Stravinsky himself, as well as his close friend Aldous Huxley. “Imagine!” she said recently. “There I was, nineteen years old and having dinner with Stravinsky and Huxley! All I remember is Huxley talking a lot about Gesualdo, a sixteenth-century Italian prince who was famous not only as a composer but as a murderer and all-round criminal.” Once, she discovered Stravinsky and Huxley bent over the keyboard of a piano solemnly trying to decipher what to them was a highly mysterious inscription. They were looking at a sign that said “No Cotton-Pickin’ Drinks on This Instrument,” and they were relieved when she explained what it meant.

It was during her days at the University of Southern California that she met her future husband. Lewis’s father was an automobile dealer in Los Angeles, and his mother was a nurse, who eventually became an administrator and a teacher of nurses at Queen of Angels Hospital in that city. Henry Lewis was a bass player with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and he played in the orchestra for the performance of “The Bartered Bride” in which Miss Horne sang. He noticed the power of her lower voice; in fact, he whispered to a colleague, “Who’s that tenor up there?” After the performance, he met the tenor, and wheels started turning. Mr. Lewis, who is two years older than Miss Horne, turned out to be more than a bass player. Drafted into the Army in 1955, he was sent to Stuttgart, where he soon took over the conductorship of the Seventh Army Symphony, a servicemen’s group, and he gained much experience with it. The great Dutch conductor Eduard van Beinum heard him conduct and began to take an interest in him. When Lewis got out of the Army and returned to the Los Angeles Philharmonic, van Beinum himself was in charge of the orchestra, and he encouraged Lewis to found the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, with which Lewis made his State Department tour of Europe. Van Beinum also allowed him to conduct a number of the Philharmonic’s concerts and to take over the orchestra’s weekly Symphonies for Youth concerts. By the time Lewis married Miss Horne, he was well on the road to professional conductorship.

Miss Horne’s family was not very enthusiastic about her friendship with Mr. Lewis. And her father was not at

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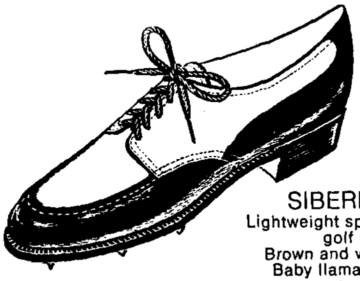
all enthusiastic about her idea of going to Europe to study. Bentz Horne was something of a chauvinist. American singers, he thought, should do all their studying in this country; European music had dried up. But Miss Horne had already found her independence of spirit, and she was determined to go. So she did, in the fall of 1956. After a stopover at the Venice Biennale, she spent a year in Vienna, studying operatic repertoire with one of the coaches of the State Opera and learning German at the same time. She wouldn't allow anybody to touch her vocal production; Vennard had taught her well, and her opinion of Austrian vocal teachers was not high. Then she got a job in Germany with the Gelsenkirchen Municipal Opera. Gelsenkirchen is a smoky town in the Ruhr Valley with a population of about half a million, but, like many German towns, it has a pretty good opera company, and the experience of singing a large number of roles there (even though everything was sung in German) was valuable. Among her roles were Mimi in "La Bohème," Minnie in "The Girl of the Golden West," Tatiana in "Eugene Onegin," and Amelia in "Simon Boccanegra." Today she remembers Gelsenkirchen both critically and gratefully. "That kind of an opera company can breed mediocrity, but it was a good place to start," she remarked the other day. "You have to know exactly what you want out of your career. If you want to be a star, you don't bother with other things. While I was at Gelsenkirchen, I found out for the first time what human beings are really all about. The general director was an ex-singer and a wonderful man. But he was also an ex-Nazi, and had held a contract under Hitler—a lifetime contract. He was jailed after the war, but he had been released by the time I got there, and was back at his old stand. We had many conversations about Nazism, and all this talk about race made me realize even more strongly that people everywhere have prejudices. I finally got up the courage to marry Henry."

The Lewises were married on July 2, 1960, in Los Angeles under rather stormy circumstances. Mr. Wagner, of the Wagner Chorale, prophesied that her career would be ruined. Her mother refused to attend the ceremony. "Of course, in Bradford, where Mother came from, we had even looked down on the Italians and the Irish. By the time I was married, my experience of the world was much greater than Mother's. My parents had always talked tolerance, but talking and taking



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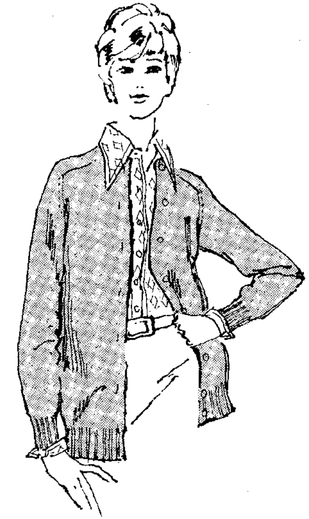

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a step like mine were pretty different. Mother went all to pieces. I cried a lot." Within a few weeks, however, Mrs. Horne relented, and she is now very fond of Lewis.

THE human voice—particularly the female voice—is a delicate instrument, easily disturbed by the ills of the flesh and, in some ways, not ideally built for the more complex types of singing. It commonly falls into three (some theorists say two) registers, which are determined by the muscular settings of the vocal cords. Generally, the lower, or "chest," register and the top, or "head," register are the best naturally developed areas of the range. Between them lies the middle register (which is treated by the two-register theorists as a mere link between chest and head tones), and at the top of this there are a few so-called "passage notes" leading up to the head register. It often happens that the middle register is the weak part of a singer's range, and that the passage notes just above it are even weaker. Between the registers there can be a sort of break, or yodel. Naturally, a great deal of vocal training is devoted to bridging the breaks and to strengthening the middle voice—especially the passage notes—to give a smooth, seamless quality to the entire range. By a certain physiological adjustment, a given register can be expanded upward or downward by a few notes, but the practice is not universally considered healthy for the voice. Some singers never really succeed in strengthening the middle voice and the passage notes, and one can detect this fact at many an opera performance. Miss Horne's middle voice is remarkably well handled, giving her a seemingly flawless range from chest tones to head tones. Her chest tones are among the most powerful to be heard anywhere today—"When I open up down there, you'd better look out," she has said—and her head tones are extremely brilliant and agile. But bringing all this range into an equality of sound has taken some doing. The powerful chest tones have had to be restrained. The middle voice has been strengthened, but until two years ago the passage notes were still something of a problem, since this is the last part of the voice to develop. For her, the passage notes are E, F, and G at the top of the staff. From there, her middle register descends to somewhere around E flat at the bottom of the staff, and from there on down to F sharp the powerful chest tones take over.

Miss Horne is of the opinion that Giuseppe Verdi wrote badly for the voice. "He wrote for dramatic reasons, and he has a way of hammering at the weakest spot in a singer's range," she says. "When a young person sings Azucena [in "Il Trovatore"], for example, it's very bad for the voice. Amneris [in "Aida"] gets a gorgeous aria to sing, and then comes the judgment scene, and that is terrible. You can't sing these roles in your twenties." What Miss Horne means is that Verdi's roles are not right for *her* type of voice, which is a bel-canto instrument, better attuned to Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini. In order to sing Verdi's soprano or mezzo-soprano roles (the roles just mentioned are both mezzo), she has to bring her chest register up to tackle those passage notes a good deal of the time. This is extremely awkward for her. She has sung Eboli in "Don Carlo," for example, without any outstanding success, because her voice is simply not suited to the role. Verdi wrote for a different kind of singer: a lyric soprano of the type best exemplified by Leontyne Price, who has no trouble at all with Verdi roles; in fact, she thinks that Verdi wrote better for the voice than anybody except perhaps Mozart.

Nevertheless, in the kind of music she sings best, Miss Horne has remarkable smoothness throughout her enormous range, and she works hard to retain it. Though her voice has been compared with that of Rosa Ponselle, and she herself is inclined to compare it with that of the late Ernestine Schumann-Heink ("Schumann-Heink had a brilliant and very loud upper register, and so have I"), she always thinks of Lilli Lehmann, an incredibly versatile singer of the last decades of the nineteenth century, when she feels overworked. "Lilli Lehmann was a terrific worker—a real *Kraft-durch-Freude* type," she says. "When I'm feeling sorry for myself, I think of her." Miss Horne is a pronounced extrovert. Colds don't bother her; she has often sung with one. "We singers have good days and bad days, good weeks and bad weeks," she said recently. "The air pollution in New York is very bad for my throat. I use steam to counteract it. Singers always latch on to anything around in the way of cold prevention. The voice is something that is here today and gone tomorrow."

Like most singers, Miss Horne loves her work, loves to show off her voice, and loves audiences who appreciate her singing, and she is not above what

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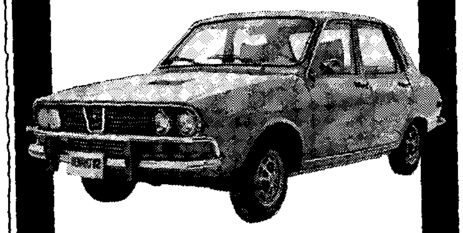

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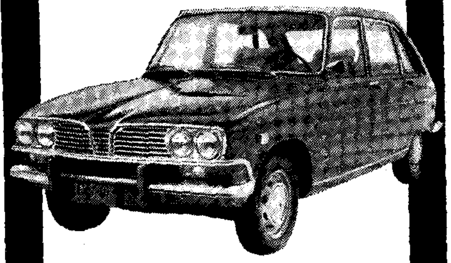

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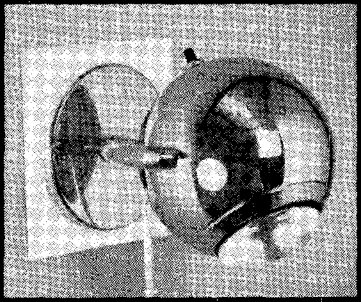
sometimes amount to vocal circus tricks in order to impress such audiences. The most famous of these tricks (which are called for in certain bel-canto arias) is to take an enormous skip from the top of her range to her chest register, hitting the lower note, perhaps an octave and a half down, squarely and never off pitch. "You'd better know where that note *is*," she says. "If you don't, everything will come apart." Some of the real pleasure of listening to a Horne recital lies in such demonstrations of virtuosity, which have little to do with the music but a great deal to do with the art of vocalism. Critics have referred to Miss Horne as a showoff. But the fact is that she has something well worth showing off.

Miss Horne is not exactly an intellectual singer. Her attitude toward roles is far from the scholarly one of many prominent artists. "I read biography a great deal," she remarked recently, "but I wonder how valid that is. Some of the points are so subtle that I wonder how you can get them across to an audience. Besides, bel-canto opera doesn't necessarily stick very close to history where detail is concerned. Also, I wonder how important it is for you to know all the other roles in an opera. I always suspect people who say, 'I know every note and every word of everybody else's part.' Of course, after you have rehearsed enough, you get to know all the other roles anyway. But I never *try* to learn all the roles in any opera. I have enough trouble learning my own." On the other hand, Miss Horne pays great attention to the words she *is* singing, and, unlike some other singers, she is always distinct and understandable. "I keep the larynx down," she says. "I feel the words. The minute I get in front of an audience, something clicks and the diction comes out." On the subject of singing, she knows exactly what she wants and exactly how to get it. Unlike most contemporary sopranos, who regard Maria Callas as the greatest of modern models, she claims to have been equally influenced by Miss Callas and Joan Sutherland.

Lately, Miss Horne has become a little bored with the bel-canto repertoire, and in concerts she has turned increasingly to lieder or to song cycles by Mahler or to the repertoire of French songs. She has recorded Wagner's "Wesendonck Songs" and Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" on a record that won the French Grand Prix du Disque in 1971. Her German is virtually perfect, learned in Vienna and Gelsenkirchen, and her French is nearly as good. Her Italian, learned very early and polished through many visits to Italy, is excellent. She is a natural mimic, and this fact has helped her with languages. It has also helped her musical style; her musicianship—meaning all the details of phraseology and accentuation—is practically flawless. Like all singers of operatic calibre, she cannot hear her voice as others hear it, and she has to have her accompanist, Martin Katz, listen to her and advise her. Essentially, opera singers feel themselves sing rather than hear themselves. This is one of the peculiarities of the craft. That buzzing feeling in the head and chest is what they have to go by. "If you start listening to yourself, you're in trouble," Miss Horne has said. Her approach to a recital or an operatic performance is aggressive and sure. As Mr. Lewis says, "Jackie puts on her armor and pulls out her sword and sings." If things don't go right, she brazens them out. Her memory is not infallible. She has been known (infrequently) to forget whole phrases, but she has always managed to cover up any awkward moment. She has a totally devil-may-care approach to performances. For instance, she doesn't mind in the least when people in the audience smuggle in tape recorders, hoping to make bootleg records. When she notices someone with an attaché case (which is almost sure to contain a tape recorder) in his lap, she is as apt as not to wink at him or to wigwag to him from the stage, letting him know that she is quite aware of what he is doing. After all, she herself knows most of the tricks of the recording business. In Los Angeles, she at one time worked for a recording company that specialized in duplicating the big hits of well-known popular singers of the day, but with cheaper, unknown talent. Miss Horne contributed note-for-note replicas of Kay Starr's "Wheel of Fortune" and Peggy Lee's "Lover," and they did very well on the cut-rate shelves of the Los Angeles supermarkets. What a copy of one of them would be worth today is an interesting question.

At home, when she has the time, Miss Horne loves to cook, some of her favorite recipes being quiche Lorraine, gazpacho, and various cakes and pies. Generally, she sleeps well; if she doesn't, she reads. "But if it's something good, I get excited about it, and that doesn't help me a bit," she says. "The thing to do is to get an opera score and read *that*. That will bore you to death." She vocalizes (sings scales and arpeggios) for ten minutes to half an hour



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before performances, in order to warm up. She never touches alcohol, believing it to be very bad for the voice. She almost never suffers from nerves at a performance, though she admits that she was scared before her first New York recital when she saw the huge lines at a neighboring box office waiting for tickets to a Horowitz concert. One of her favorite pastimes has always been mimicking other singers and famous people in the musical world (*vide* Kay Starr and Peggy Lee). Today, her chief victims are Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (whose elegant singing style verges on self-caricature and is eminently mimicable), Miss Sutherland, and Louis Armstrong.

At the moment, Miss Horne's repertoire sprawls over nearly the whole literature of music for the voice. She is terribly ambitious to sing all the roles and all the lieder she can lay her hands on, and her husband encourages her. But this situation won't last. Eventually, like all star vocalists, she will specialize. This is not only because the repertoire of a star vocalist becomes limited to those roles in which she is most in demand—and there are only a certain number of performances that a singer can take part in in a given year—but also because the voice becomes accustomed to a particular kind of singing and cannot shift gears easily after a certain age. But which way will she go? Richard Bonynge, Joan Sutherland's husband, who is a dedicated promoter of bel-canto opera, wants her to continue with bel canto. Miss Horne's own husband wants her to become a Wagnerian soprano. She can do either and, for a time, both. Her almost unique voice presents her with an embarrassment of riches. Whichever way she goes, she will be one of the most celebrated singers of her era.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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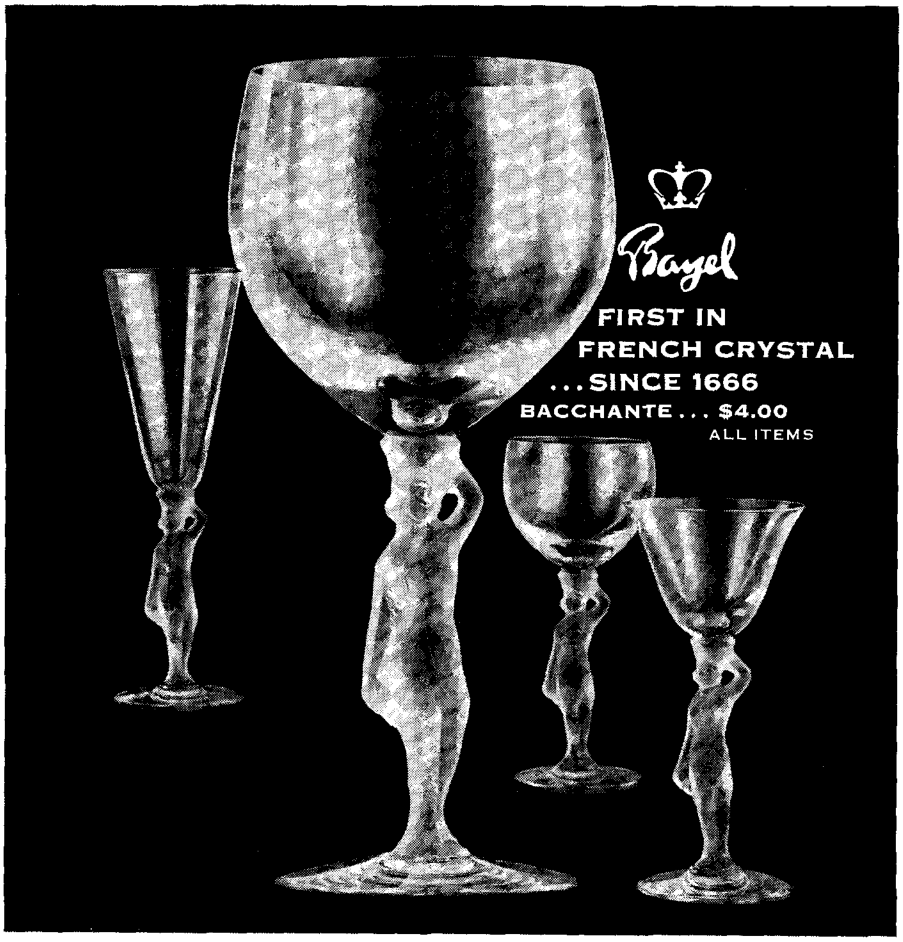

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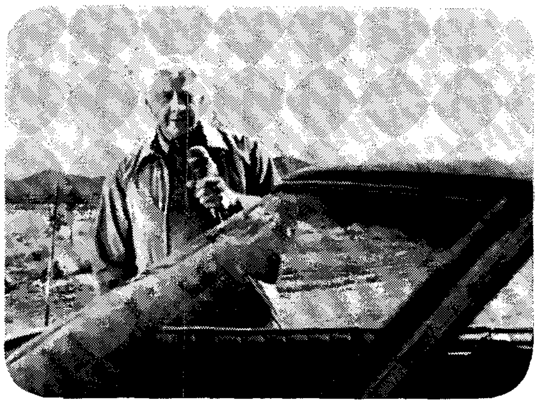

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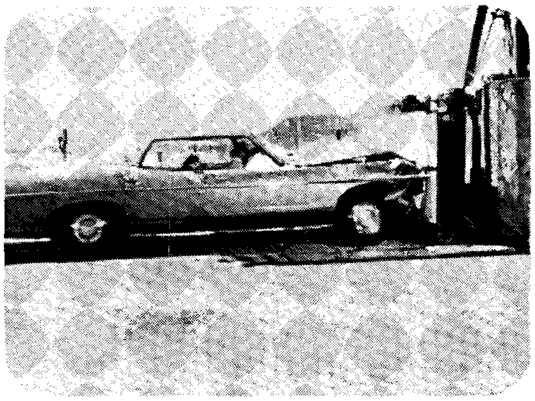
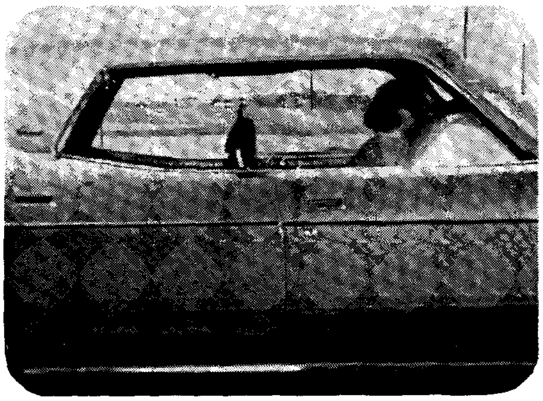


9. in a frontal crash serious enough



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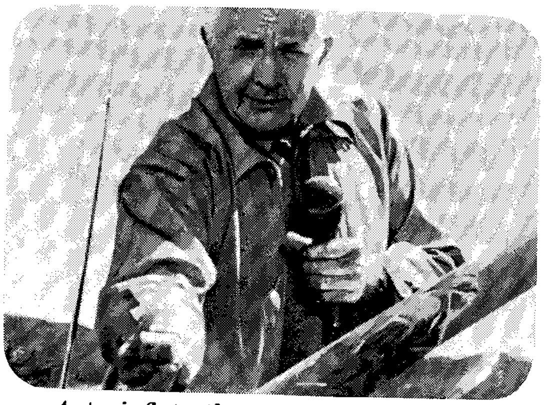
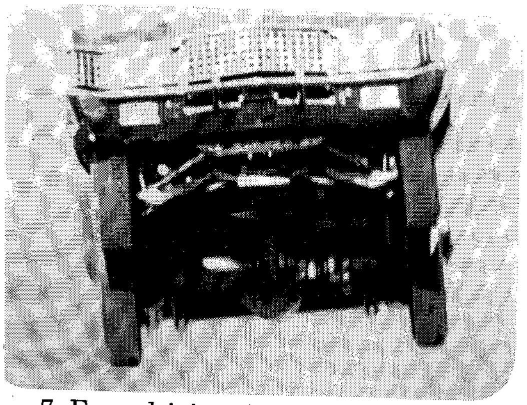
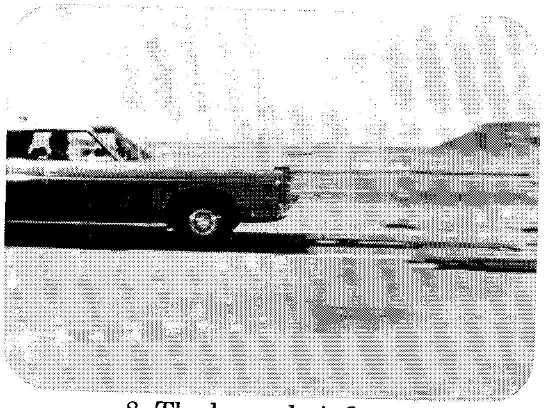
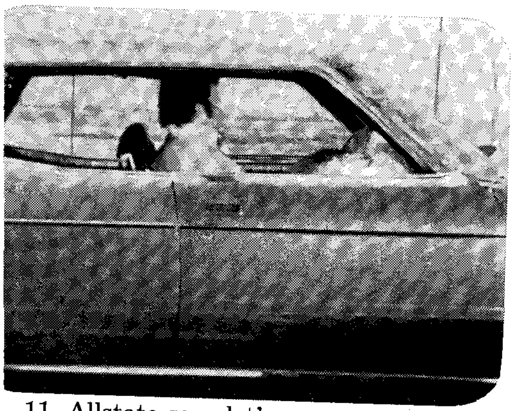

4. to inflate the air bag. Some people worry that the


7. Even driving the car off a ramp won't inflate the bag.


8. The bag only inflates


11. Allstate says let's use space age technology to reduce auto injuries

12. and save lives."

This commercial has not yet been shown on TV

THE CURRENT CINEMA

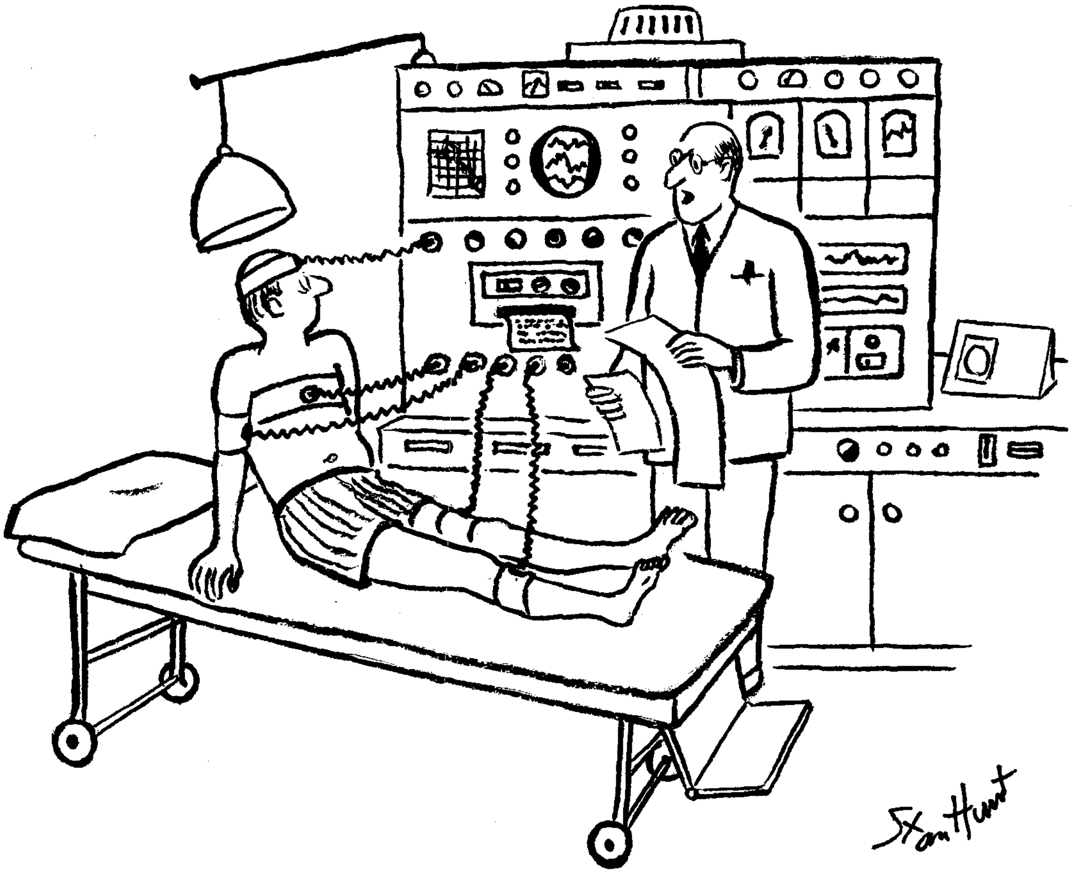
Swiss Pride and Prejudice

IT is a truth universally acknowledged, to misquote Jane Austen, that a Swiss man in possession of good fortune must be in want of a car and a watch. Alain Tanner, the writer and director of "Charles Dead or Alive" (1969; running at the New Yorker Theatre), is Swiss himself. His Charles is a gentle third-generation watchmaker whose loathing of watches—and indeed of cars—has unexpectedly reached an intensity of tonic derision that lifts him away from the familiar and makes him seem to dangle above the world of his factory's greed and of its foursquare, stalemated egoism as though some astonishing dialectic foresight had suddenly picked him up by the nape of the neck so that his feet no longer touched the floor of the present. The only way a man can ever make the next thing happen is to look at today with the eyes of the future. Yes. True, probably. To be tested. Charles, this man of fifty, who has a funny revolutionary daughter, Marianne (Maya Simon), and a dreadful son, Pierre (André Schmidt), pasty with money-making, begins to unravel himself as if he were an old cardigan.

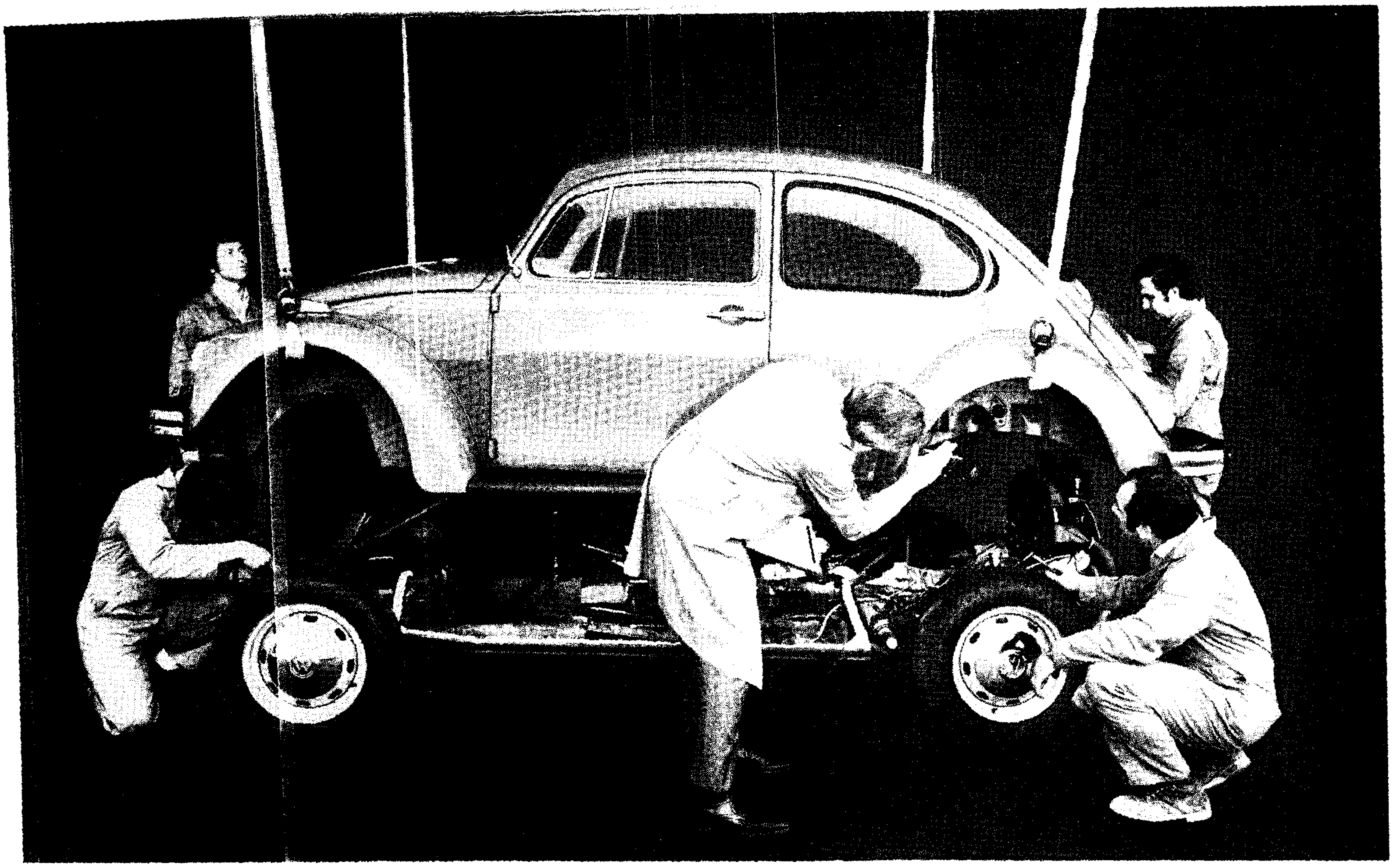
It is the hundredth anniversary of the firm he heads. TV is doing a report on him: the usual fatuities. It grows difficult for him to believe in his own palpability. Hauntingly played by François Simon (son of Michel), he keeps staring at himself in the looking glasses of cloakrooms. He seems to feel as if he were living in parentheses. Words rot in his throat and go dry in his stomach. He breaks his spectacles in a washbasin one day so as to see less clearly. Above, there are the Alps. Below is the anarchic world, with Switzerland, "righteous and eternal," in its lap. The prospect doesn't please him, and the thought of himself least of all.

The TV people talk about his family. His grandfather came from the Jura with nothing much but a toolbox; he was a watchmaker above everything. Charles' father was a mixture of a watchmaker and a businessman. Charles' son is purely a businessman. "You've left yourself out," says the TV reporter testily, not seeing any particular significance in that, and entirely missing the fact that this parched and subtle man is practically eliminating himself from existence by his own wish. "Our subject was to be the spirit of family enterprise," holds the nettled TV interviewer. The human temperament is always messing things up. The same unruly humanness makes Charles go off the rails of the topic again and remember family talks long ago of Bakunin and Kropotkin and Malatesta. Later, alone, in one of the Brechtian swivels of this technically engrossing film, he starts putting the TV interviewer's questions to himself. When he lies in a bath, you can see him brooding about allies in speculativeness: Socrates, maybe; people can drown in a bath, he tells himself. The left side, the one with the heart, is turning into a rock. The other side earns an honest living. I am a notary or a grocer. Order reigns, according to everyone else. My daughter will pass her philology exams, no doubt, on the money I make from watches that I certainly sell too dearly. I am much better without spectacles. I can read advertisements perfectly. Advertisements for cigarettes called Tops, in king-size or super-king-size boxes. Ah, spinach.

He flees his wife and family, and takes to a hotel under an assumed name, lying on the bed and listening to radio descriptions of himself: said to be disturbed, last seen wearing a dark-gray suit. The chambermaid gets cross about his undecided plans and treats him briskly as a thing that complicates bedmaking. At midday, he will lie awake with his eyes closed. Some news on the radio makes him grin. Young leftists in hordes have blocked the roads in and out of Geneva and Zurich as part of a political demonstration; the outraged motorists, having had a go at the young with the usual barbarism of the bourgeoisie when property is threatened, are now making portly complaints to the canton officials. Charles seems pleased. The news nourishes his own hatred of cars, which is a thought-out and solemnly held political position. When he eventually musters himself to go out to a café, and makes friends there with a casual young couple who virtually adopt him—a bearded sign painter called Paul (Marcel Robert) and his pretty, larky



"My computer here reports that you are in rather decent shape for your age group. You do have something that we call 'dwell angle,' which only means that you have a slight list to port—something to do with your office or home, no doubt. It's quite common. Nothing to worry about."



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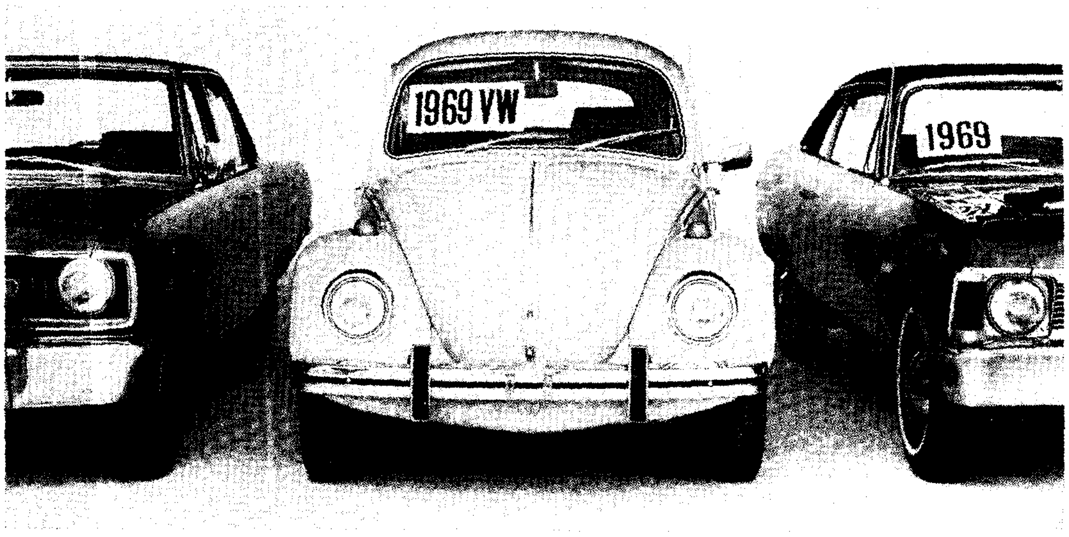

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mistress, Adeline (Marie-Clair Dufour)—Charles expounds his dogma. The position that the driver must sit in is very bad. It interferes with the digestion and fattens the heart. Motoring is a system of accumulation without exchange. The people concerned never meet. Method of social dispersion. Everyone in his little box. The young couple seem to be of a mind to agree. The girl talks about preferring the suburbs to caterwauling city life. People in the city are ignoble in summer, she says. With a characteristic high-hat gesture to the absurd, Paul shoves Charles' car down the side of a giant gravel pit. All three of them seem very much elated. What a stroke!

The couple take Charles into their amiable muddle of a house. Marianne comes on an accomplice's visit and decides in the kitchen to write down a maxim for each day. (Tanner's films often have a tang of Godard.) You are to learn the maxims by heart, she explains, and then you begin to notice their relationship with what happens. Paul smiles. "And after that I'll be intelligent?" he says, this agreeable, horse-faced man who is such a misfit in orderly Switzerland but also such a product of the tradition of modest surrealists and anarchists and thinkers who—like Tanner himself—have found a place for themselves there. Monday: Be realistic, demand the impossible. (Anonymous.) Tuesday: There are no stupid people, only stupid jobs. (Proverb.)

Charles and Paul go sign painting together and talk off the tops of their heads. The thing is to know what you want. Does *Paul* know what he wants? Not really. Only that there are some things he won't do. You feel that he is faintly accident-prone, in spite of his bearish sturdiness: a muddler of great probity, embracing a mediocre system that he regards with a beguiling sort of passion as unchangeable. He worries about Charles. The man's situation isn't normal. No, Charles agrees, but it's more normal than before. An exemplary shock is more difficult to achieve than an exemplary success, says the film. Living in a society of meagre understanding, little curiosity, and uncertain temper, Charles-the-mad has administered to himself his own shock treatment.

Charles' stodgy son tracks him down through a detective, mostly because the heir needs to cope with the problem of his father's signature on checks. He commits Charles to an asylum to be rid of the paperwork. The sirens wail. But Charles has his own resolves to

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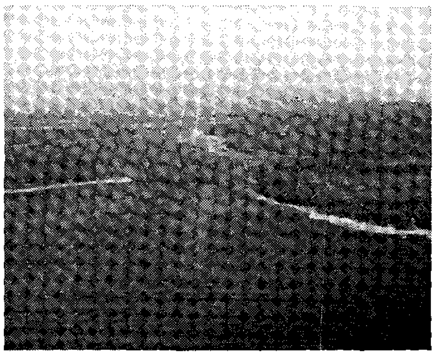

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support him. He reads Saint-Just in the ambulance, adding to his keepers' certainty that he is out of his mind. The thought he is concerned with is that the times have changed so much that the notion of happiness and unhappiness now supplants the antique notion of destiny. This is one of the central ideas of Tanner's unsuperstitious picture. It is a sage and affectionate movie, which asks hard questions with a unique dry warmth and a native distance from the usual wish to incite audience identification. "Charles Dead or Alive" is a more schematic film than Tanner's ravishing "La Salamandre" (now running at the Paris), which he made a year or more later, but it is unmistakably created by the same modest, grown-up man. He knows a lot about being a fugitive. He went to England from Switzerland as a total foreigner in the mid-fifties and made a fine, gay, abrasive short film about Piccadilly Circus called "Nice Time." He has worked for B.B.C.-TV and in Swiss television. His technical command is delicate and lucid, like his mind. "Charles Dead or Alive" is a poem, a broadsheet, a fable. It is wry and sometimes very beautiful. It has the character of prophecy.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

●

DEAR HELOISE:

Perhaps this tip is an old one.

I bought a paint brush that shed its bristles on my friend by painted ceiling.

After painstakingly picking off bristles, leaving fingernail marks as I picked. I thought of trying a small piece of masking tape which I rolled, adhesive-side out.

I discovered that one small piece lasted for quite a few swatches if I was careful to pick lightly. (Of course, the paint must be wet.) PERL BOOTON

—*Heloise Cruse's column in the San Francisco Examiner.*

And the friendship must be strong and lasting.

●

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U. S. JOURNAL: AMERICAN COLONY, GUADALAJARA

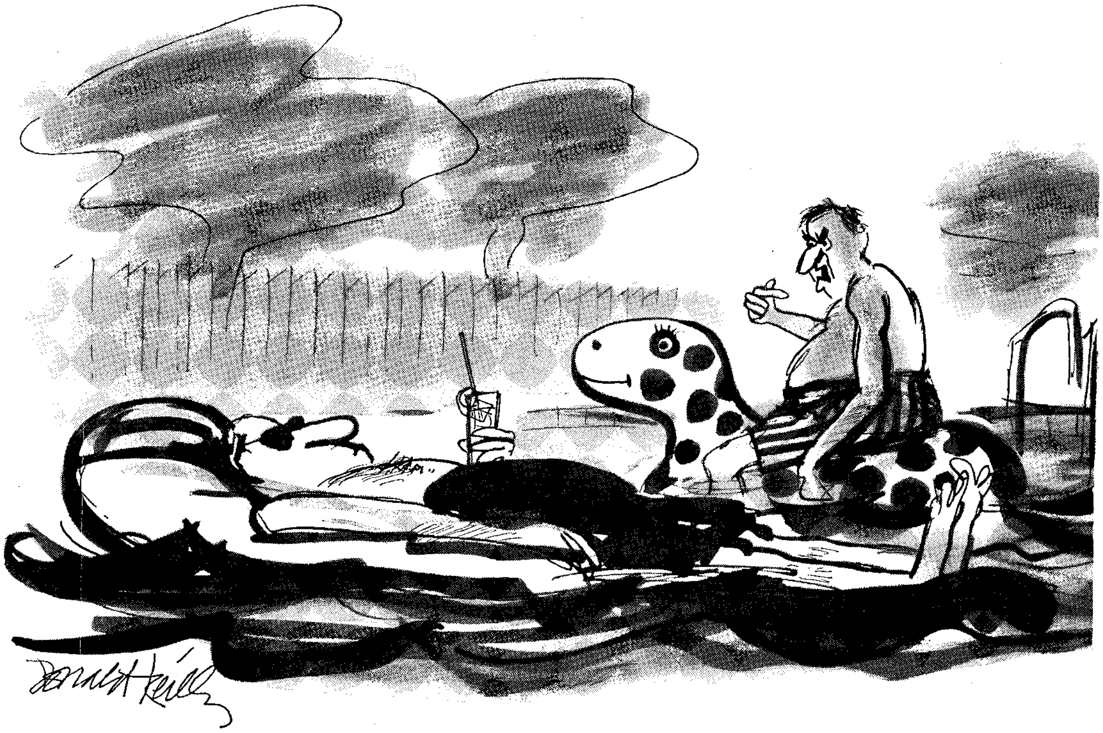
GUESTS

WHEN Americans are asked why they came to Guadalajara to retire, they sometimes say that Guadalajara is known to have the second-best climate in the world. Wherever Americans go, of course, they carry around a fondness for such rankings right along with their barbecue equipment and their golf clubs, and no city with as many Americans as Guadalajara has—the estimates range from ten to fifteen thousand—could get by with only one top-ten ranking. While I was there, I was told that the combination of its moderate climate and its one-mile altitude makes it the healthiest—No. 1—place for people who have heart ailments. One night, someone at the Guadalajara American Legion post (a post that has more than six hundred members—enough, I suspect, to give it a top-ten ranking among foreign American Legion posts) told me that a lot of people chose Guadalajara for retirement during the fallout scare in the fifties because they heard it would be the city safest from radioactive dust in the event of a nuclear holocaust. But any discussion of why Guadalajara has—in one ranking that is almost measurable—more retired Americans than any other foreign city is dominated by the climate. Actually, it took a couple of days in Guadalajara before I found someone who had any idea what city was first in climatic perfection. I was finally told that Nairobi was the champion that made Guadalajara the runner-up. When the word about Nairobi gets around, the real-estate people there might as well start clearing part of the Nairobi wildlife reserve to make room for a garden condominium complex that offers central heating and a championship-quality golf course and has a name something like Vista del Veldt. It will only be a matter of time.

One reason Americans often find themselves explaining to a visitor why they chose Guadalajara for retirement is that it seems at first glance such an unlikely choice. It is not some picturesque village of the Spanish colonial period but the second-largest city in Mexico, with a population of more than a million. Its downtown traffic is a challenge even to a driver whose reflexes and taste for combat are at their prime. The noise level downtown is such that Bob Thurston, who publishes an English-language weekly in Guadalajara called the *Colony Reporter*, says his reaction to an American downtown after having not gone back to the United States for five years was that it existed in an eerie, unnatural silence—a film missing its sound track. Although a horsepower-crazed teenager in Mexico may not have the opportunity his American counterpart has to own a motorcycle or a hot rod, he apparently can always get a job driving a public bus, enabling him to cut off the largest cars and underline his contempt by leaving them in a swirl of ugly black exhaust fumes.

Most of the Americans who live in Guadalajara, though, go downtown even less often than they did when they lived in an American city. They live in residential districts that look something like the suburbs built in California before the developers realized that they could save trouble by cutting down all the trees. They do their shopping in suburban shopping centers, the most popular of which is a modernistic place called Plaza del Sol—which these days, of course, could be the name of a shopping center in Michigan. The main restaurant in Plaza del Sol is Denny's, part of an American chain well accustomed to turning out *hamburguesas.* There are the usual stores found in American shopping malls, and most of the people who man the counters in them speak English. The Americans in the residential districts play golf or play bridge or work on their houses or work in service organizations. In a way, an American couple might lead a life in exotic Mexico remarkably similar to the one they led in Cleveland—except for the subtraction of the office and the addition of a full-time maid.

The Americans in Guadalajara talk about the cultural and medical and governmental facilities available in a large city and about the convenience of being only a short flight away from family in the United States. (A number of them are retired military people who are used to living abroad and find Guadalajara as close as they can come to returning home without actually being within the borders to face the travails of what service people call "living on the economy.") But any conversation about retirement spots in Mexico begins and ends with the weather. I once asked an American

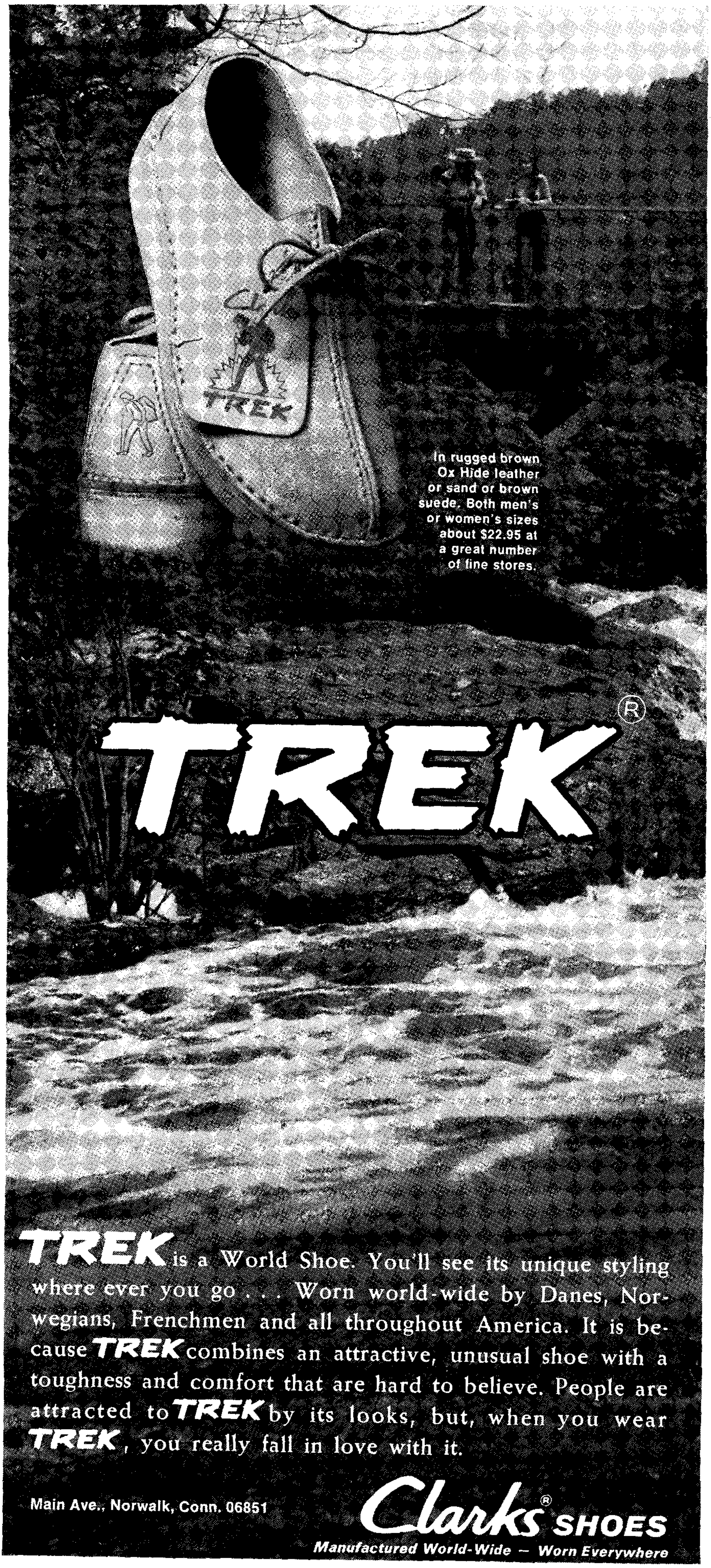


"If those soak-the-rich birds get their way, I can tell you here's one coolie who'll stop putting his shoulder to the goddam wheel."

who lives in Morelia, a Mexican city with splendid colonial architecture and only two hundred thousand people, what he thought about living in Guadalajara; he told me that during his last visit there he had spotted any number of air-conditioning units and that any city with air-conditioning units is not a city with a perfect climate. During my stay in Guadalajara, I drove to Lake Chapala, about thirty miles away, to take a look at a kind of offshoot of the American colony that has occupied parts of the lakefront for several miles near the town of Chapala, a shore town that has traditionally been a weekend resort for wealthy Guadalajarans. (There are a couple of golf courses and some developments with names that sound like the names of shopping centers. The sign that greets visitors driving into Chapala says, "Welcome. Chapala, Jalisco. Drive Carefully. Lake Chapala Post #7, American Legion.") I thought some Americans might have chosen to live on the lake in order to fish or swim, but it turns out that the Americans there consider Lake Chapala too polluted for either. The woman I talked to in the Lake Chapala Society office-and-library said that there was some advantage in living in a smaller town but that the main draw of the towns along the lake was the climate. Better than Guadalajara.

TALKING to retired Americans in Mexico about the cost of living is like talking to a man who insists that he bought his off-brand power mower only because it mows more efficiently than the better-known brand and that it probably is not actually less expensive anyway when the extras are figured in and the service contract is paid for separately. Americans in Mexico are constantly saying that the cost of living is not nearly as low as people in the United States think it is—that the low cost of vegetables or tortilla flour in the marketplace, say, is of no help to people who live on Del Monte canned goods or frozen food or prime beef. They acknowledge the attraction of low property taxes and high return on invested capital. But they sometimes claim that Guadalajara is just as expensive to live in as an American city. About the only bargain remaining in Mexico, they say, is service. For someone who has put in thirty or forty years keeping house and cooking meals, of course, the going weekly wage for a full-time maid—ten dollars a week—may be a more important statistic than the average mean temperature.

The Americans in Guadalajara who are most explicit about the appeal of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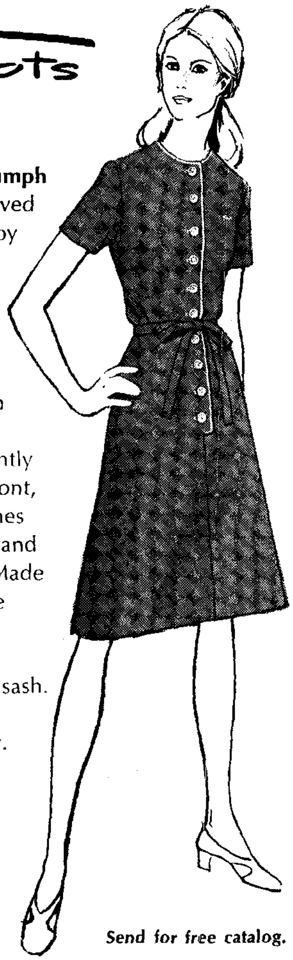

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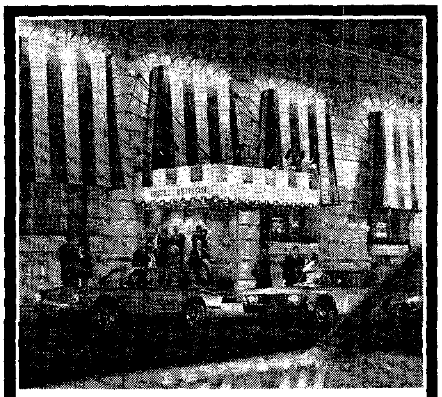

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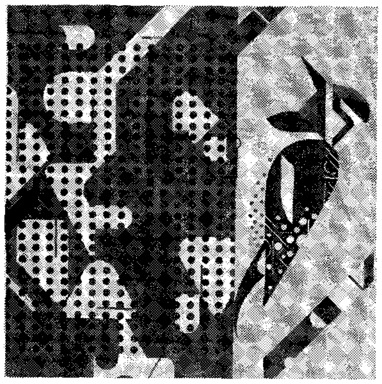
cheap labor are paralyzed veterans. One night while I was in Guadalajara, I went to the regular Wednesday Fun & Games Nite at the Paralyzed Veterans of America chapter in Ciudad Granja—a run-down area with the look of some decaying neighborhood that was flung out of the center of the city into the outskirts by mistake. The P.V.A. happened to find an inexpensive house in Ciudad Granja and enlarged it by adding a huge, gymnasiumlike room, with brick walls and a concrete floor, which seems twice the size of the original building. Fun & Games is a euphemism for bingo. About thirty people, a dozen of them in wheelchairs, were sitting at tables spread around the room—concentrating on three or four bingo cards each, taking an occasional swig of Mexican beer. The caller, also in a wheelchair, might have been one of the flat-voiced bingo callers heard once a week in Legion posts across Kansas, except that his monotone was bilingual, so that "Bee Fourteen" would be followed, after a beat, by "*Bay Catorce.*" The attraction of Guadalajara, some of the veterans told me, was the availability of inexpensive full-time attendants. "I was able to live on my pension in the States," one of them said. "It's just that all I could afford to do on it was to watch television twenty-two hours a day." I had always associated paralyzed veterans with the Second World War—because of the Marlon Brando film, maybe, or the first wheelchair basketball teams. But Korean War veterans now outnumber Second World War veterans in the Guadalajara P.V.A. chapter, and in the last few years Vietnam veterans have begun to show up.

There are a number of Americans in Guadalajara who are not in a position to worry about property taxes or the accessibility of golf courses but spend a lot of time worrying about how far Social Security payments can be stretched. Often widowers or elderly bachelors, they live in rented rooms near downtown rather than in houses in the residential districts. A lot of them spend their days in a park facing a lovely old church called San Francisco, a few blocks from Guadalajara's main intersection—a place that has become known in Guadalajara as Gringo Park. It has a lot of benches and a lot of trees, and the combination can be manipulated by a knowledgeable bench-sitter to produce a shady place just about any hour of the day. As in most of the parks old people use for gathering spots, the benches are in straight lines rather than clusters, so that the



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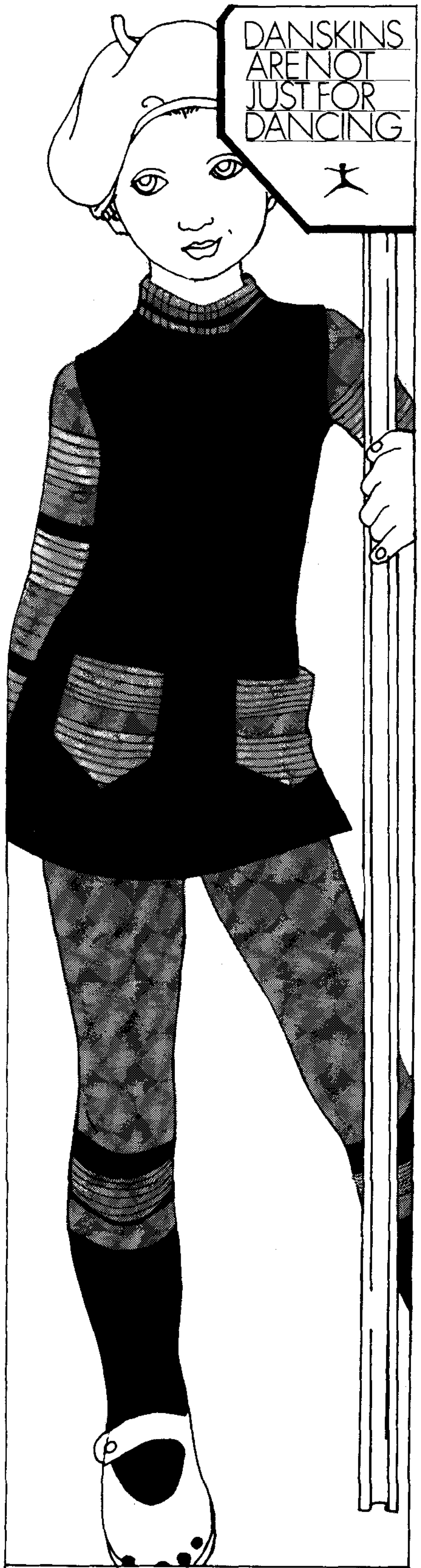
choice is to talk to the man on either side or to stare silently straight ahead. The men in Gringo Park pass the time talking about their pasts and complaining about the food (“A Mexican cook can ruin anything”) and siccing venders on each other (“I think that fellow over there'd be interested”). As the sun moves, they stand up and walk to the next bench.

SEVERAL years ago, I spent a week or two in an American retirement community called Sun City, Arizona. The Phoenix construction firm that had created Sun City advertised retirement there as an “Active New Way of Life,” and the activity was enough to tire even a visiting onlooker. People in Sun City seemed to be in a near frenzy of rock-polishing and square-dance calling and pottery-baking. The one activity that seemed missing—surprisingly, I thought—was charity work. I had assumed that Sun City would produce hordes of Gray Ladies and fund-drive coördinators and Scoutmasters, but it turned out that Sun Citians had retired from that kind of thing, too. A slum village of farm workers almost a mile down the highway was practically ignored. Charity-drive solicitors approached Sun City resigned to slim pickings.

There are, of course, plenty of Americans in Guadalajara who confine their charitable activities to conceding two-foot putts to their golfing opponents, but there are enough service-minded retirees to keep hospital and orphanage auxiliaries at battalion strength and sponsor village-nurse programs and provide a financial cushion for the local Salvation Army. Part of the difference in attitude might come from the fact that Guadalajara, however many Denny's branches and Dairy Queen branches it has, is in a foreign country—a poor foreign country in which a person's poverty can be taken as a natural condition rather than as an indication of his own lack of effort. I was reminded of that difference when I was talking about service work with an officer of the American Legion post—a post that seems extraordinarily interested in charity and only mildly interested in the war (“In Guadalajara,” a liber

moment like that battle-hardened but softhearted G.I. who is always shown in the wire-service photos working on an orphanage in the Mekong Delta—the same G.I. who used to be shown holding Christmas parties for kids in Seoul, and before that was being a big brother to war orphans in Frankfurt. If there have been wire-service photos of G.I.s organizing Head Start programs among black children in Alabama or teaching English to Mexican-American kids near the Army bases in Texas, I missed them.

Some of the service activity may also come from the desire of people who enjoy their climate and their maids on the sufferance of the Mexican government to behave the way good guests should behave. Although they may complain about Mexican bureaucracy and Mexican corruption, they seem much more conscious than American tourists of proper behavior. A number of them are the kind of people who might equate gun control in America with the final crumbling of the Republic, but the response of the American Legion post in Guadalajara when Mexican law called for the registration of guns was to make the premises available as a registration site. In Guadalajara, Americans do not even make the common assumption of Americans abroad that no language other than their own is necessary anywhere. Many of them arrive resolved to conquer Spanish. They have plenty of time, after all, and more than a million Spanish-speakers to practice on. Since Americans are spread out all over the residential districts, many of them would have to know Spanish just to chat with the next-door neighbors. They plunge into Spanish-lesson books and listen to Spanish-lesson records and enroll in Spanish classes. But, it is generally agreed, almost all of them soon give up—deciding that it can't possibly be worth such an agonizing effort just to be able to spend a long awkward evening at the home of Mexican neighbors. Almost all the Americans lead such purely American lives, after all, that the Spanish they actually need does not go much beyond the ability to translate the construction-site sign that says [illegible]—Un



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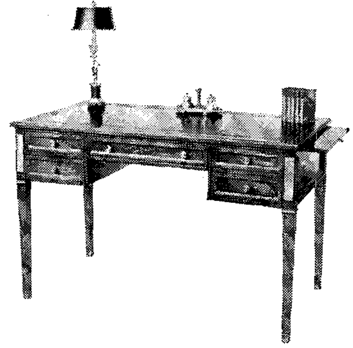

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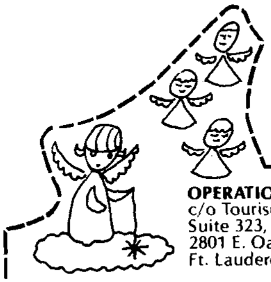

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care benefits are available in Guadalajara.) Bob Thurston got a lot of response from a column he wrote in the *Colony Reporter* about the frustration involved in not being able to express anger in Spanish if, say, the plumber failed to show up again. "When every fiber of one's being struggles to loose a torrent of invective and scathing sarcasms," Thurston wrote, "and all that one can field is '*Muy malo! Muy, muy malo!*' it is a heartbreaking experience and the stuff on which the general aging process prospers."

Eventually, almost all retired Americans in Guadalajara settle into an English-speaking life within their own community. "They spin out their lives in neat little cocoon-like colonies, speaking and living only with their mirror images, building a philosophy and a purpose on the high ideal of maids, gardeners, rum, and sunshine on $200 a month," Kate Simon wrote of the Americans in Guadalajara and Lake Chapala in her guidebook "Mexico: Places and Pleasures." The context of a foreign country accentuates aspects of retirement that are less noticeable in the United States. The idea of a relatively young and healthy man—one of the American Army's apparently inexhaustible supply of fifty-three-year-old retired colonels, perhaps—being able to devote himself to golf and gardening seems particularly odd in a country whose citizens tend to work as long as they are physically able to work. And the sight of a man spending his declining years on a park bench away from home rather than with his children and grandchildren seems strange in a country where care for older members of the family is taken for granted. Of course, if the retired colonel were not drinking in Chapala, he would be drinking somewhere else. If the men in Gringo Park were not sitting on benches there, they would be sitting on benches in small towns in Florida or on benches along Broadway in the eighties. "Look at the options," a man at the American consulate told me. "Here it's at least warm and relatively cheap and there isn't much street crime. If I had only Social Security to live on, I know where I'd be. Gringo Park."

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THE RACE TRACK

Meadow Stable's Ups and Downs

THE Meadow Stable's Secretariat stole the show and the Hopeful Stakes as Saratoga closed last Saturday. It may not have been exactly magnificent, but it wasn't far from it. Of all the two-year-olds I've seen in the race over the years, and admired, none won the way the big red runner from Virginia did. Last in the field of nine for half the distance, he turned on an astonishing burst of speed, passed the others as though they were standing still (I remember Citation's doing that in the Sysonby Mile), and kept on to win by five lengths from Flight to Glory, with Stop the Music third, a neck farther away. The six and a half furlongs was run in 1:16⅕, which is fast but no record. I know that after such a performance one can easily be led off the deep end, but in my book Secretariat is head and shoulders above anybody else his age. He's by Bold Ruler out of Somethingroyal, who is by Princequillo, and his make and shape remind you of Princequillo. In his first start at Aqueduct, on the Fourth of July, Secretariat came out of the gate in a tangle and finished fourth. His next he won by six. On opening day at the Spa, he won again. In the Sanford Stakes, he broke the winning streak of Linda's Chief. Next, the Futurity?

EARLIER in the week, Saratoga rocked following the disclosure by Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the Meadow Stable, that a tranquillizer had been given to Riva Ridge before he ran in the Monmouth Invitational Handicap last month, when he finished fourth. She and Lucien Laurin, who trains the five-star three-year-old, thought he was listless at saddling time, and, judging by the way he ran, both were sure something was amiss. On his return to Saratoga, a urinalysis and a blood test were made by Dalare Associates, a laboratory in Philadelphia that does this sort of work for the Jersey tracks. Both showed traces of promazine, a derivative of phenothiazine, which is a tranquillizer. So far, the F.B.I., Spencer Drayton's Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, which is a nationwide security service, and the New Jersey State Police haven't come up with the culprit. Now the House Select Committee on Crime is going to take a look into the matter from Washington.

If you recall the Invitational, Riva Ridge, who carried 126 pounds and gave from nine to sixteen pounds, was third out of the gate and presently took second place behind King's Bishop with no apparent effort. But in the stretch he began to tire, though the pace hadn't been fast, and Freetex came up under the whip to win from King's Bishop by a length and a quarter while Cloudy Dawn beat Riva Ridge by the same distance for third place. Getting at the favorite is probably as old as racing itself. (The Oxford English Dictionary has a word for the sticky business—"nobble.") Usually, it's done by or for someone involved in a future-book gamble who is likely to lose a lot of money if the horse wins. When it's part of a betting coup, the operators, having the favorite out of the way, back several of the contenders and hope the one that wins pays off at the longest odds.

Happily, Riva Ridge is himself again. One morning last week he galloped six furlongs in 1:12⅗ on the grass at Saratoga—watchers thought it was an impressive move—in preparation for the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City on September 16th.

LA PREVOYANTE, who skipped the Adirondack Stakes because of ankle trouble, came back to the Spa and picked off the Spinaway Stakes, as her stable had planned. Taking the lead at the half-mile mark, she rolled home three lengths ahead of Princess Doubleday, a 40–1 chance. That's seven straight for La Prevoyante.

FOR THE RECORD: On Friday, Manchu Prince won a scamper over the hurdles. It may have been the last jumping race at Saratoga. The management is still pondering whether to run any more. I hope they do. I like good steeplechasing. —AUDAX MINOR

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LETTER FROM MIAMI BEACH

AUGUST 24

THE Convention that disbanded last night after the President had recited his accomplishments and explained the ineptitude and dangerous policies of his opponents was probably the least contentious gathering of its sort ever held outside a totalitarian society. There were no doubt a few major differences of opinion in the Convention hall, but they were given no expression in the public sessions, and no one had the bad taste to propose for discussion anything bearing importantly on the politics of 1972. There was, as it happened, one floor debate. Some Republicans from populous states felt that in the matter of the future allocation of delegates the Party rules now in effect violated the one-man-one-vote principle and gave an undeserved advantage to the smaller and—though slight mention was made of this—generally more conservative states. If the arithmetic of the aggrieved was sound—and no one in either camp challenged it—a change in the rules did seem to be called for. A proposal for change was drafted and presented to the Convention, but it was rejected by an indisputable majority, so that in 1976, unless the courts rule otherwise, Republicans from the smaller states will wield a power proportionately greater than those from the larger states, which, in the view of most analysts, may make it possible for them to get the Presidential nomination for Spiro Agnew or someone of his general persuasion. This question was resolved in an hour. The only other sign of dissension came in the Presidential balloting. Forty-nine states were unanimously—and in most cases, it seemed, passionately—for Richard M. Nixon. In fact, there was no dissent in any of the fifty. But some quirk of New Mexico law required that one vote be registered for the eccentric Representative Paul McCloskey, Jr., of California, a man so deficient in patriotism that he thinks we ought to abandon our military efforts in Indo-China. The New Mexico law was honored rather shamefacedly by a spokesman who made it clear that every New Mexican delegate was a hundred per cent behind the incumbent but that the McCloskey vote had to be recorded lest someone get in trouble with the authorities back home. The vote was duly recorded, but no one took the floor to say a good word for the dissenter.

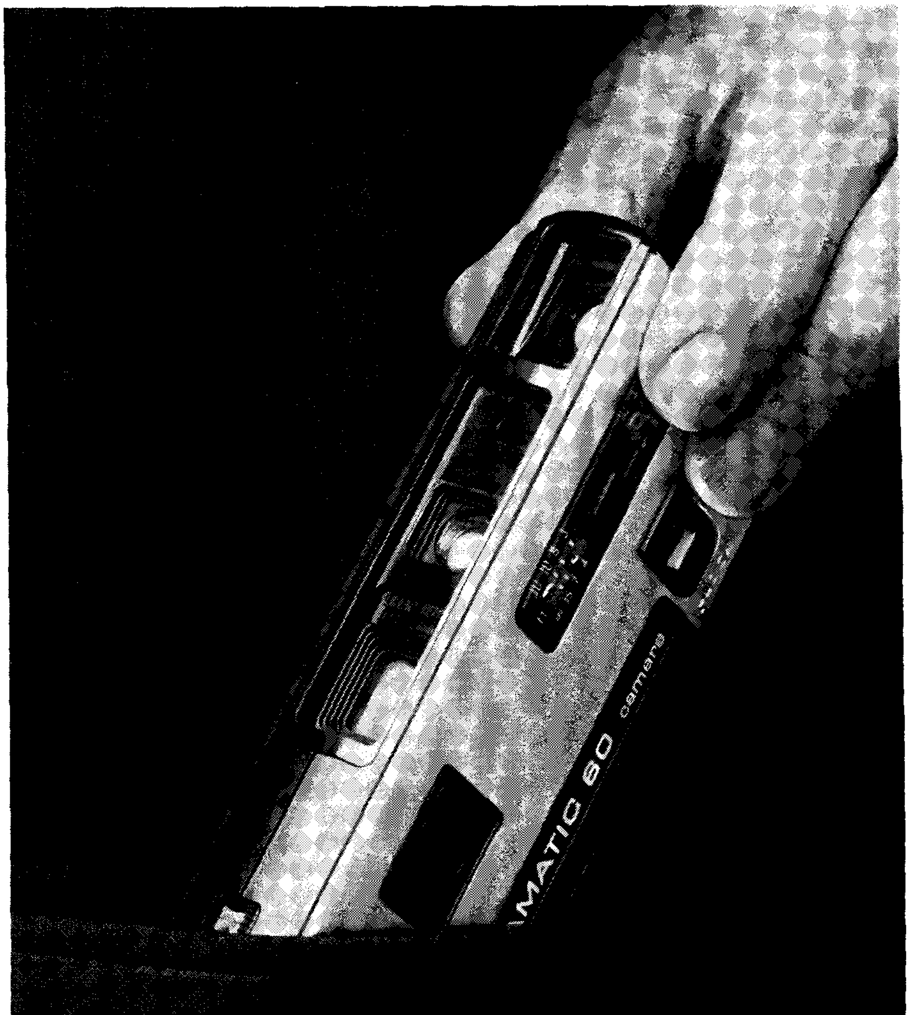
Otherwise, there seemed to be nothing that approached disunity on the Convention floor. Now and then, someone brought up one or another of our various American discontents—Vietnam, inflation, unemployment, crime, corruption, despoliation of the environment, discrimination in one form or another—but the prevailing mood seemed to be that, thanks to our peerless present leadership, these ills are disappearing, and that if only the millions outside this gathering would have the good sense to slap down George McGovern's demagogy, four more years of Nixon, followed, perhaps, by eight of Agnew, would establish this society as being flawless in its institutions and possessed of the power to establish peace throughout the world. Just outside the Convention grounds, though, there were about three thousand people—muscular and, it seemed in most cases, reasonably intelligent young men and women—who saw things in almost precisely the opposite light and were vehement in their conviction that what the future really called for was repudiation of the Nixon-Agnew values. There was nothing here that quite matched the ugliness of Chicago four years ago. There were a few more arrests but practically no bludgeoning or bloodshed. For one thing, a few of the 1968 protesters had learned that incivility and violence seldom advance persuasion, and this time they were having a try at civility. Beyond that, the numbers, though greater than had been anticipated, were smaller than in Chicago, and the Miami Beach police and their reinforcements from the state forces had received superior training in handling those who clung to the old techniques. There were here and there a few disagreeable spectacles, but nothing to compare to the earlier confrontations. Moreover, some thoughtful

"You were very, very funny this morning, Reverend."

and well-heeled Republicans had arranged passage to the Convention for a large number of young men and women who shared the views of their patrons and emulated them in dress as well as in conviction. From the Party's point of view, their presence was useful in at least two ways: they demonstrated that there are still quite a number of conservative young Americans, and they performed, in exchange for the privilege of witnessing great events, innumerable onerous chores that might otherwise have had to be performed by the Party elders. A few were disgruntled at being used as parking-lot attendants, ushers, and aisle sweepers, but the newspapermen who canvassed them found none who had lost faith in the Party or the President.

Now and then, as the Convention went on, veteran observers felt that its perfect timing and the almost total absence of dissent would be seen elsewhere in the country as the products of slick contrivance. Anyone who has paid much attention to national politics over the last half decade knows that there are important differences among Ronald Reagan, Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon, Charles Percy, Strom Thurmond, Jacob Javits, and any number of other eminent Republicans. At least one traditional purpose of airing disagreements at a national Convention has been to demonstrate that our parties can tolerate broad differences of opinion and yet find enough common ground for all to stand together on. In the past, no particular importance has been attached to concealing doctrinal differences as long as it can be shown that unity can be found in certain shared interests and goals. This Convention differed from others in the almost total concealment of differences—even those of slight importance—and it was hard to see why this was so arranged at a time when practically every American is persuaded that the Nixon ticket is bound to sweep the country in November. In earlier years, it might have been attributed to the insecurity that dogged Richard Nixon's political career until quite recently—an insecurity reinforced by the fact that most of his victories had been achieved by the narrowest of margins. But if he accepted the reports that were coming his way from every quarter well before the final arrangements for Miami Beach had been made, he could have felt no need to arrange a gathering as tiresomely unvaried in tone and mood and as utterly devoid of anything even mildly stimulating to the human intelligence as this week's Convention.

In this week of his most spectacular



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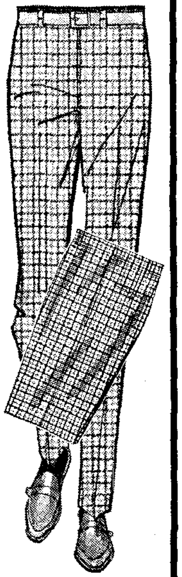

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31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
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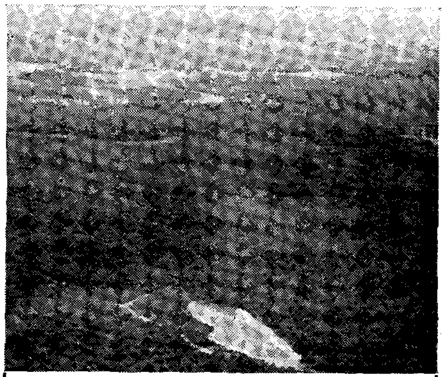
triumph, Nixon has looked and acted like a man very sure of himself, and anything but insecure. But it may be that this was—in part, at least—only an aspect of the contrivance, and that he is not ready to accept the opinion samplers' judgment that he is certain of reëlection. It is not easy for a President to blow the whole of a twenty- or thirty-per-cent lead in three months, and it seems unlikely that Richard Nixon will do anything of the sort in 1972. (What is altogether likely—in fact, almost certain—is that even if nothing much changes between now and Election Day, the spread will narrow somewhat. Incumbency gives a man a slightly larger advantage in straw votes than in official ones.) But Nixon's high standing today, as he must surely know, does not rest on the most enduring of foundations. In the largest part, it rests on the common conviction that, thanks largely to his initiatives, the war in Indo-China is coming to an end and to the kind of end he customarily speaks of as "honorable." This could turn out to be the case. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that in the next few weeks our air power, now being used on a scale never used before, will incapacitate the forces directed from Hanoi and lead, at least for a season or two, to a cessation of hostilities. This, plainly, is the hope in the White House. But it is also conceivable that in the next month or so the North Vietnamese will score victories on the ground which will put an end to such authority as the Thieu regime still wields, with the consequence that most people in the world, including a great many Americans, will conclude that Hanoi has "won" the war and that Saigon and Washington have "lost." What political repercussions such a development would have in this country no one now can say. Certainly a good many Americans would be relieved to see this war end on any terms. There are others, though—and one could find plenty of them here this week—who could not accept a defeat of American arms and *then* go on to promote the fortunes of a Commander-in-Chief under whose leadership it had come to pass. To be sure, by no means all the favor Nixon now enjoys rests on what for the moment appear to be the successes of "Vietnamization." Despite his few displays of economic heresy, his basic constituency has in general been satisfied with his appointments, including those the Senate found unacceptable. One suspects that the domestic violence that characterized the late sixties has receded for a variety of reasons unrelated



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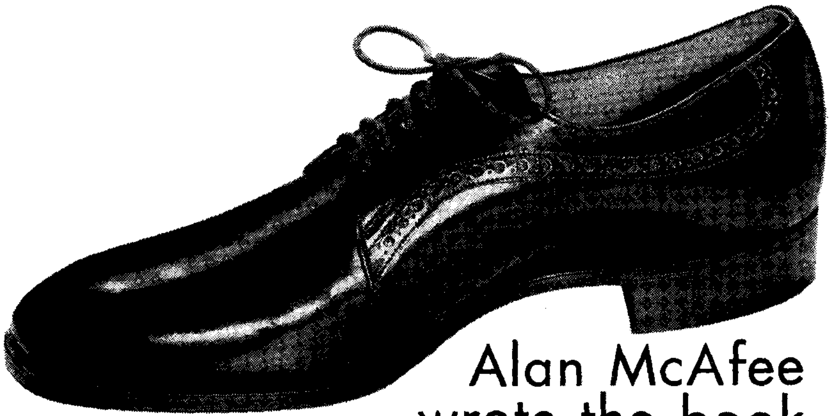
to the President or the policies he endorses and now and then seeks to enforce. Still, it has receded to a marked degree during his tenure, and it has long been the custom of governors to take credit for events arising from good luck as well as for those arising from good management.

Nixon has enjoyed some domestic successes that may largely offset his several domestic failures, but as of this moment Vietnam, even though everything there could go sour before long, is regarded as his major achievement, and after that come his and Henry Kissinger's diplomatic ventures in China and the Soviet Union. In all likelihood, these would have been difficult, if not impossible, for a Democratic President. And perhaps in time they will be recognized as Nixon's most salutary achievements and as enormously important events in twentieth-century history. So far, about the most that one can say with any assurance is that they appear to have reduced tensions and put diplomatic discourse back on a plane of reality. But there is no assurance now that tensions have been reduced for any length of time. Both Peking and Moscow are always sites of doctrinal struggles at least as bitter as any of our own and obscure in nature not only to foreigners like us but to all but a few citizens of the People's Republic and the Soviet Union. The overtures that both countries have made to, or accepted from, us are surely welcome, but they cannot be read as evidence of much more than a temporary cessation of overt hostility, rhetorical and political, and possibly a freer exchange of goods, ideas, and people. A resumption of past antagonism could come about as speedily



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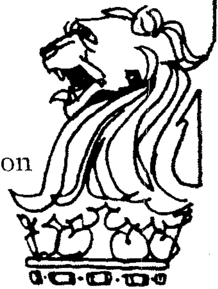

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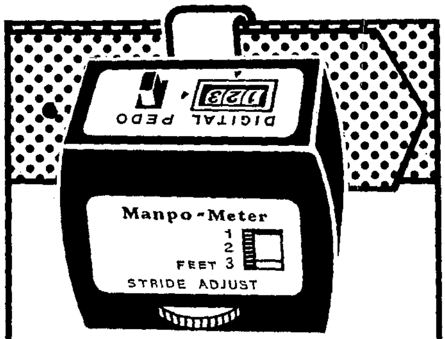

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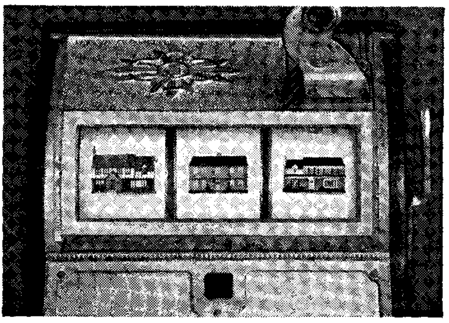
and as unexpectedly as the relaxation came about in the last year, and Nixon, even while exploiting his diplomatic coups during the campaign, could find himself compelled to return to the old militancy and urge it on the voters who have so recently been encouraged to abandon it. At the moment, it appears that our old antagonists—except those in Hanoi—feel rather comfortable with the present Administration in Washington and are not particularly eager to help make room at the top for a former bomber pilot who speaks eloquently in favor of peace and accommodation but, as far as they can tell, may be no more in earnest than other Americans in high places whose actions have belied their words.

The acceptance speech that the President gave at last night's closing session was both in thought and in expression a pastiche of God knows how many of his earlier addresses, and differed from them mainly in a slightly reduced air of aggressiveness and a somewhat heightened air of self-confidence. For the customary banality he could hardly be faulted even by his harshest critics, because he is, by his own admission, not a man of eloquence or a thinker of notable originality—resembling in both respects most of his predecessors, including some of the most illustrious among them. In his command of elocution, he runs second to the Vice-President and far behind a number of other government officials. But his message was clear, and in essence it was that if reëlected—as he said he was confident he will be—he will conduct affairs in the next four years in the manner in which he has conducted them in the past four years. This does not mean that he does not look forward to change and an improved political environment, here and beyond the seas; it means, rather, that he feels satisfied about the efficacy of his programs for domestic tranquillity and a world kept at peace by the unrivalled superiority of American military power. He has not fully achieved either as yet, which is why he needs another term, but he is, he thinks, well along the road. Inside the Convention hall, there were no audible expressions of doubt or disbelief, and if the polls are anywhere near right the people by and large agree.

The situation is one that defies rational analysis. Less than eighteen months ago, the most astute observers in Washington were convinced that Nixon was a one-term President and that there was no hope for him. The economy was malfunctioning in al-



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most every department, and the White House was refusing to intervene in any way. The war in South Vietnam was going badly, and the invasion of Cambodia had been of no benefit. Nixon's effort to make the Supreme Court into a body committed to "strict construction" met with antagonism and humiliation in the Senate. The Democrats had regained power in any number of the Republican strongholds that seemed to have been essential to his hairline victory in 1968. The newly enfranchised young displayed a spreading alienation from society and a growing contempt for its older leaders. "Middle America" had put Nixon in office as a minority President by a handful of votes, many of them cast by men and women convinced that he would end the war because, on the one hand, he could disclaim responsibility for it and because, on the other, ending it would be so clearly in his own interests. In 1970, his future looked so bleak that there were gamblers willing to bet he would withdraw rather than face certain defeat.

Now, though the chance still exists that he may meet with enough misfortunes in the next several weeks to turn public opinion around once more, it seems far more likely that he and Agnew will be returned by a respectable majority. There has been a distinct improvement in the recent campaigning of their Democratic rivals, but at this stage the Republican lead looks close to overwhelming. If Nixon's performance at the polls comes anywhere near the present predictions, the heavy thinkers will find it necessary to consider some revisions in the "Middle America" theories they have developed over the past several years. Nixon's fortunes reached their lowest point when he seemed most firmly committed to the orthodoxies that he and, we were told, his closest followers had always embraced. He was an eco-

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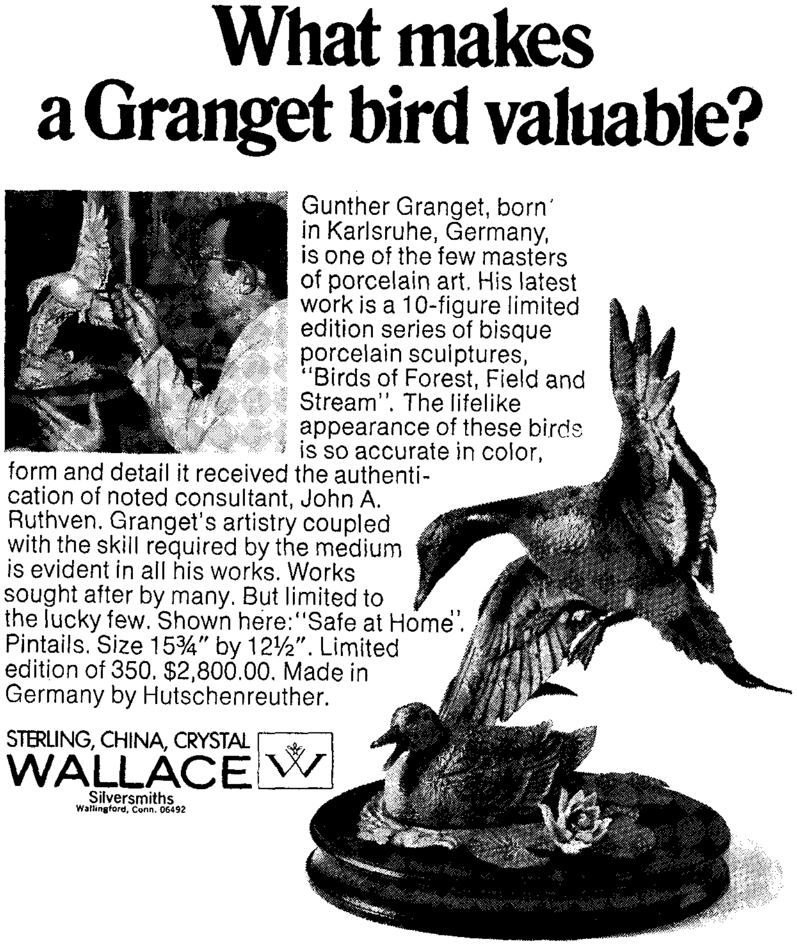
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nomic non-interventionist. He would not compromise with Communist devils. Though he was in favor of changing it a bit here and there, he looked upon the Constitution of the United States as a fundamentalist preacher looks upon Holy Scripture. Like any good American, when he had to fight he fought to win. And the more he clung to these ancient verities, the lower his ratings slumped. But once he felt compelled by his reading of events and the advice of his counsellors to make new departures, things began to look up. Middle America took no offense when he declared himself a Keynesian and took his first steps toward government control of the economy. Nor was there public anger when he eased his terms on a Vietnam settlement or when he paid state calls on Mao Tse-tung and Leonid Brezhnev. In all probability, none of these steps compared in popularity with his recall of ground-combat troops from Vietnam, but none received the censure that many theorists had anticipated; on the contrary, they were welcomed, and they almost certainly contributed to his improved ratings.

In view of these demonstrable facts, it seemed rather odd that little was made of them here at Miami Beach, where one got the impression that everything was being done to mollify the conservatives, who needed no mollifying. The new departures were hardly touched upon in the official proceedings, nor was anything said about most of the other subjects on which there are known differences of opinion within the Party—abortion, for example, or modification of the marijuana laws, or postwar amnesty for draft evaders. For such reasons, though it now and then showed Middle America to be somewhat less stiff-necked than is generally supposed, the Convention, like so many recent Conventions, was as boring as ingenuity could make it. Someday, ingenuity may devise a more stimulating means of conducting party politics in this country.

—Richard H. Rovere

• •

VISION AND TRANSFORMATION

Of his right hand
he has made for her
the five roots of the tree of his arm
Of its strength
the twist and reach of branches
and some deep scent remembered of the earth

where her wish is a wing
the feather of small birds in the leaves
safe when the dusk comes down

Of his left hand
he has made for her the five lean bones of hunger
a dog of knuckle and gristle
rough furred
and of a silver cunning

She touches him
He becomes legend and sleeps beside her

He has made for her a house of his body
A kiss of wind in the eaves
Night drops from its windows like raw silk

On a table
a bowl of oranges
the glow of clear water
the coarse black bread of his longing

Where she moves
the breath of her work sings
Morning lengthens into the flavor of grace

He says "Vision is the end of vision"
She says "Nothing you love will ever leave you"

—Robert Dana

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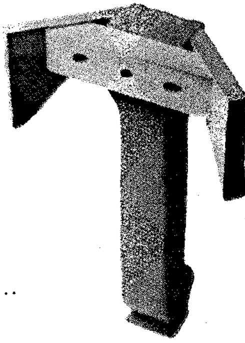

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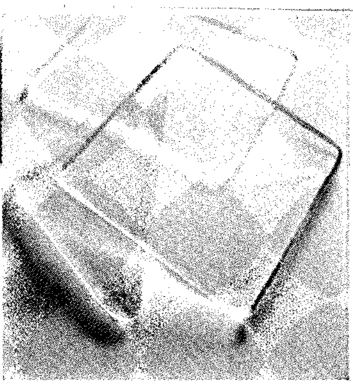

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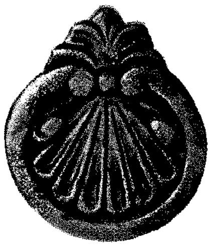

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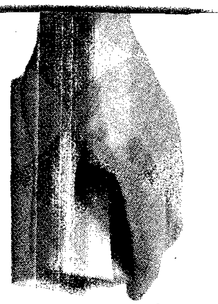

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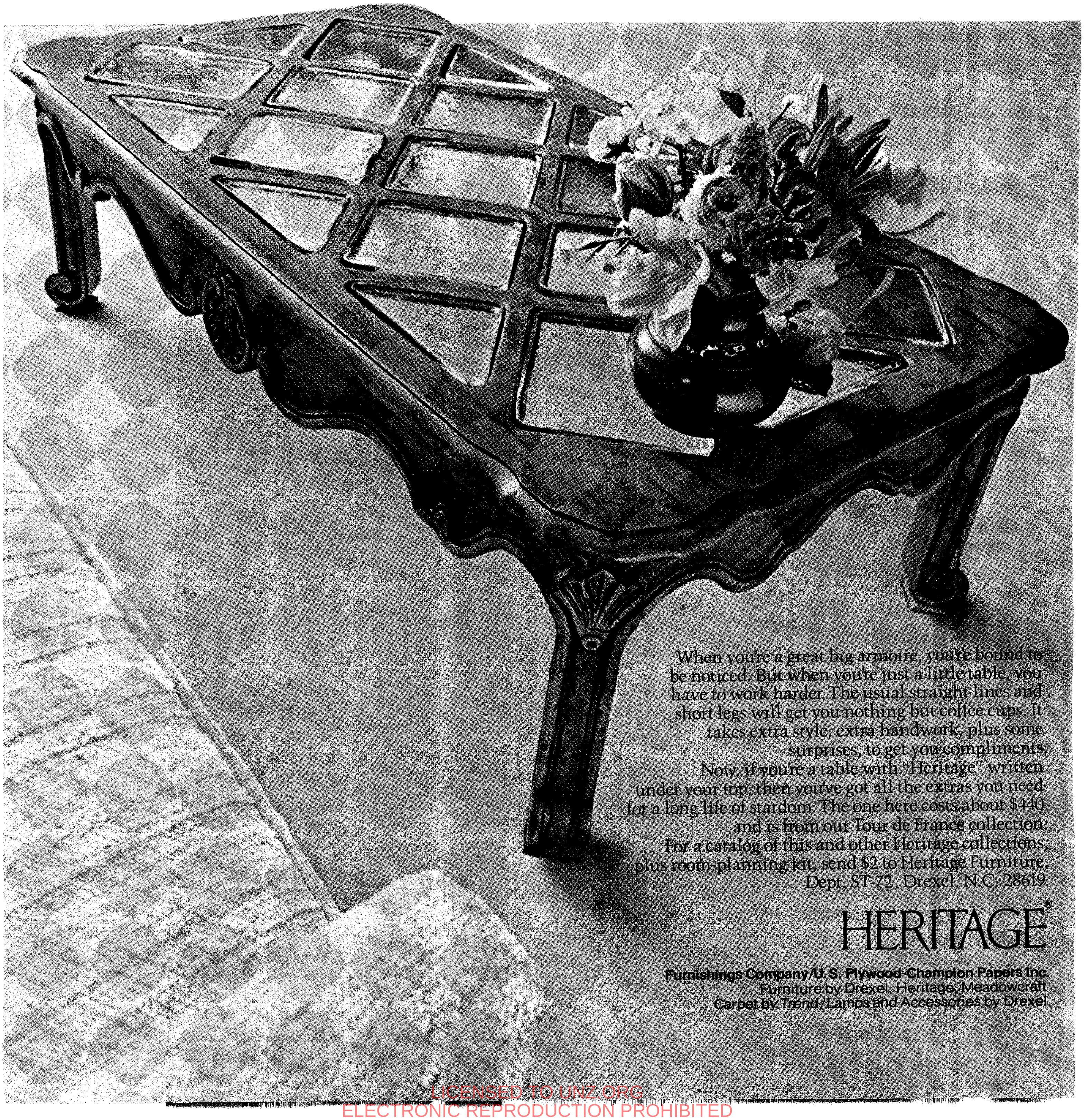

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MUSICAL EVENTS

ROCK, ETC.

ONE day, sometime during Creedence Clearwater Revival’s banner year, 1970, I was feeling depressed and confused about music, politics, writing, and almost everything else that was important to me. In an effort to shake off the mood, I stacked all five of my Creedence albums on the stereo and danced to them, one after another. Halfway through the second side of the last album, “Cosmo’s Factory,” I was tired and ready to quit. But the next cut was “I Heard It Through the Grapevine,” and it wouldn’t let me sit still, so I got up again and danced for eleven minutes more, at the end of which I made a discovery: Creedence had edged out the Rolling Stones as my favorite rock-and-roll band. That I wasn’t sure exactly when the switch had occurred—it had sneaked into my unconscious without the customary *zap*—says something about the difference between Creedence and the Stones. For all Creedence’s immense popularity, John Fogerty has never made it as a media hero, and the group has never crossed the line from best-selling rock band to cultural phenomenon. Of course, nobody really does that anymore; the musicians who have become media personalities, like James Taylor, aren’t exciting enough to be phenomena, and rock-and-rollers—with the semi-exception of Rod Stewart and Grand Funk Railroad—haven’t been coming across as personalities. But then no recent pop performers have attracted anything like the Creedence audience, which during that peak year included hard-core rock-and-roll fans and hard-core freaks, high-school kids and college students, AM and FM—in short, closely resembled that catholic rock audience whose loss we mourn. Creedence is the only “serious” post-Beatle band to deliver one hit single after another, playing classic rock and roll without ever sounding archival. All of which makes Fogerty’s miss the more poignant, for us as well as for him.

Fogerty understands the importance of personality, just as he understands—better than any other American songwriter—what rock-and-roll music is about. Yet he has avoided the obvious image-making ploys—freakiness, messianism, sex, violence. Instead, he projects intelligence and moderation—not the sort of qualities that inflame either journalists or fans. His political lyrics are pithier and more compassionate than Dylan’s but so unpretentious and well integrated with the music that they often remain unnoticed. Paradoxically, Fogerty’s humanism—for that is what it is—is also one of his strengths, and is probably the main reason I have come to prefer him to Mick Jagger. Jagger’s male power trip is alienating, and the fact that he obviously doesn’t take it all seriously only makes it worse; at some point I discovered in myself an unsuspected frustrated need to know that there was a human being under all those layers of irony. The fact is, I *like* John Fogerty a lot more than I ever liked Jagger, and, for whatever reason—maybe just because distance gets lonely—that is more important to me than it used to be.

It’s possible, even likely, that the golden age of media art is over and that John Lennon is a throwback. Still, Creedence was inevitably disturbed by the celebrity gap. One result was that the group became oversensitive to criticism, which consisted mostly of complaints from the San Francisco-Berkeley art-rock lobby that Creedence was an uncreative “singles band.” “We have something to *say*,” Stu Cook fumed, as if *that* needed saying; I guess it’s hard not to get defensive when you live in the Bay Area, the art-snob capital of the world. In December, 1970, Creedence released a new album, “Pendulum,” which added some musical frills to the usual austere hard-rock structure. “Pendulum” made me uneasy, not because I disliked it—I thought it was great, except for a rather pointless flirtation with unaccompanied organ music—but because it seemed to lack John Fogerty’s customary authority, that clear sense of where he wanted the band to go. Later, I found out that the rest of the group had been challenging his leadership; they wanted more artistic leeway. In 1971, Tom Fogerty split, and John agreed that Stu Cook and Doug Clifford should play an equal part in writing, arranging, and performing the group’s material. Creedence released only two singles that year—“Have You Ever Seen the Rain?” (from “Pendulum”) and “Sweet Hitch-Hiker.” And the next album was long

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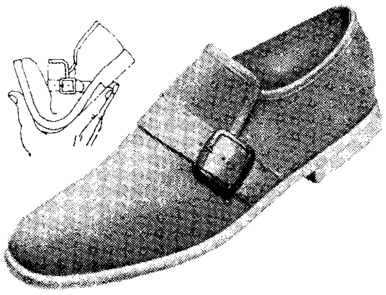

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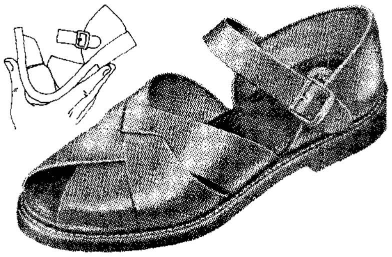

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in coming, very long by Creedence's previous standards—more than a year.

"Mardi Gras" (Fantasy 9404) is disappointing, though it has its moments. Tom Fogerty's absence is not obtrusive—if the record sounds a bit thin at times, this has to do less with Tom's departure than with the remaining trio's choice of material—but the heralded democratization of the group turns out to have been, from the selfish consumer's point of view, at least, a mistake. Creating a truly collective identity is difficult at best, especially for a band whose aesthetic is as tight as Creedence's, but that may be a fancy way of saying that Cook and Clifford simply do not write or sing as well as John Fogerty. Fogerty has contributed only three songs to "Mardi Gras;" two of those three are by far the best cuts—"Someday Never Comes" and (surprise, surprise) "Sweet Hitch-Hiker." This is not to say that Cook and Clifford are bad—I really like both their collaboration "Need Someone to Hold" and Cook's "Sail Away," and the only song I actively dislike is Cook's "Take It Like a Friend," which, aside from being uninspired rock, has overtones of that misogynist arrogance Creedence has always spared us. It's just that Fogerty is too good to waste, even in the interests of egalitarianism and self-expression. I listen to John singing "Someday Never Comes," imbuing the typically understated lyrics with the most exquisite pain, yet never for a moment slipping into self-pity, and I find myself losing patience with the rest of the album. Well, given some more time, maybe Stu and Doug will turn out to be geniuses, too. I'm not being facetious, either—such things have happened before.

The other major flaw in "Mardi Gras" has to do with its use of country music. Country rock is the number one cheapo commodity in pop music; it has long since become boring, and politically obnoxious besides. A few years ago, country rock meant reaffirming roots, discovering the value of simple sentiments; now it has come to mean nothing more noble than escape. So, on first hearing, it struck me as a lapse of taste that "Mardi Gras" should include a country-western song by Fogerty, a good-time number by Clifford, and Gene Pitney's "Hello Mary Lou." On the other hand, Creedence has always had good instincts in such matters, and I decided that some sort of comment must have been intended. My faith was rewarded when I listened to the lyrics of Fo-

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gerty's c&w song, "Lookin' for a Reason": "Every night I ask myself again, Just what it was that made our dream begin. Seemed like a good idea way back then, But I'm wondering now if a daydream took me in. . . . I'm lookin' for a reason not to go; When the morning comes I'll be on my way." Heavy! The words are, at the very least, about the counter-culture, right? And maybe about Creedence's career as well. It's unclear whether Fogerty is identifying with his persona or mocking it; probably both. The same themes reappear in other songs—escape in "Sail Away," social isolation and the-dream-is-over in "Need Someone to Hold." Very heavy! Still, the country music doesn't work, because in rock the surface is all-important, and on the surface it sounds as if Creedence were trying to do the same sort of thing the Byrds did in 1968. The songs slide down easy, and most people will either dismiss them or batten on them.

"Mardi Gras" is not the kind of record I can dance to when I'm depressed. This in itself doesn't bother me. (Well, it doesn't bother me a *whole* lot.) What is disturbing is the thought that my favorite rock-and-roll musicians may be abandoning rock and roll because they feel unappreciated. That would be a real disaster.

—Ellen Willis

•

Deputies stopped Max George Jr. for traffic violations this week and cited him for "cursory remarks" made to the officer before witnesses. He was charged with obscene language in public and bail was set at $50.—*Vashon-Maury Island (Wash.) Beachcomber.*

A real bad actor.

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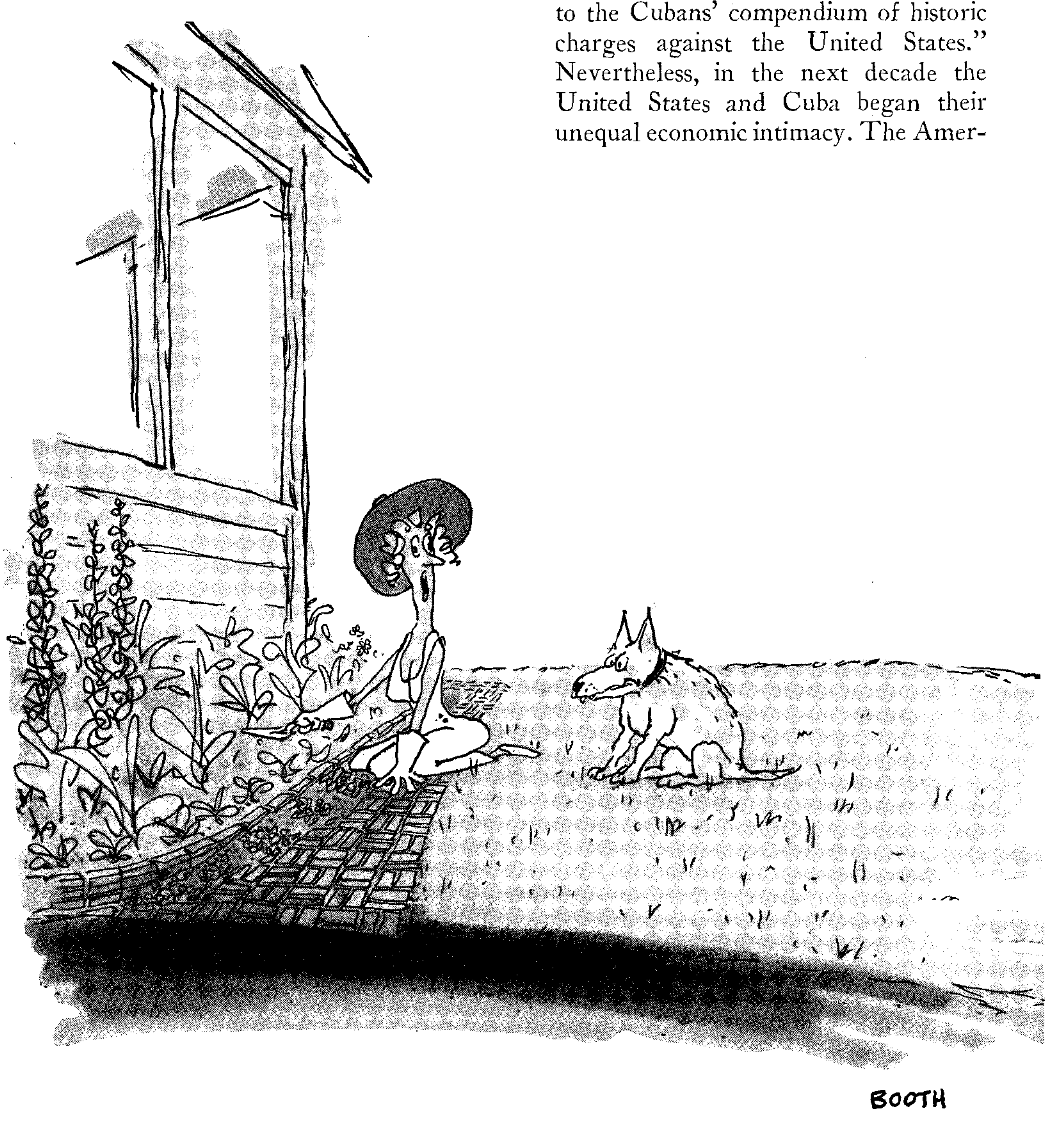
BOOKS

Lost Colony

AT the start of his imposing history, "Cuba: The Pursuit of Freedom" (Harper & Row; twenty dollars), Hugh Thomas tells us that ten years ago he went to Cuba to write "a short book about the current scene" but found that to understand modern Cuba he had to understand the Cuban past. To our great good luck, he wound up creating a complete history of Cuba from 1762 on, an encyclopedic work that is immensely readable through all its fifteen hundred-odd pages. Thomas's notion of a history's scope is generous, for he has not limited himself to retelling old political or military events; he describes Cuban culture at all its stages—a complicated task, because in such matters as religion and music Cuba has been, culturally, as much an African colony as a Spanish one. His prose blends language and fact so as to make everything—economic statistics, art styles, agricultural techniques—not merely accessible but absorbing. His language is witty but never mocking, crisp but never harsh.

Thomas chooses to begin with the British capture of Havana in the Seven Years' War not because he is English but because it marked an epoch in Cuban history. The English occupation of the city, which lasted less than a year—Havana was returned to Spain by the Treaty of Paris of 1763—brought in swarms of energetic English and North American merchants, who stimulated the Cubans to go ahead on their own. (The impulse to develop Cuba—and the money to do it—came, then as later, from outside.) After 1763, Cuba—just a century behind the rest of the Caribbean—embarked on large-scale sugar-cane planting and sugar refining. Among other things, this meant that just as the rest of the Americas—most of the world, in fact—were getting ready to abolish first the slave trade and then slavery itself, Cuba took up both with enthusiasm. The history of modern Cuba is anachronism. Of course, all the Americas were founded as anachronisms: New France, New England, New Spain were intended to become orderly, hierarchical, medieval Christian polities while their mother countries were becoming—or trying to become—modern, centralized states, but Cuba's history looks even more anachronistic than anyone else's. Cuba was not ready to join Spanish America's wars of independence at the start of the nineteenth century; she waited until 1868 for her first, and unsuccessful, rebellion. That conflict (it lasted ten years) illustrates some of Cuba's persistent problems, among them a population disunited by class (then it was large-scale planters versus small ones), by race (slaves and slaveowners), and by national origins; Cuba, Thomas points out, has always had a large foreign population—Spaniards on business (the government's or their own), natives of other Caribbean islands, and contract laborers imported from as far away as China. The effect on Cuban history of so many people who would not or could not be naturalized or acculturated, and who did not feel that their destinies were bound up with Cuba's, suggests that the exploitation of a country—in the sense of making money there and getting out with it—is as injurious when it is practiced on a small scale by many as when it is practiced on a large scale by a few. Dependency is another problem: the leaders of the 1868 rebellion could not decide whether they wanted independence or annexation by the United States. Cuban rebels and their supporters tried to influence American opinion to favor buying Cuba (the United States had already bought Alaska) or to recognize the rebels as belligerents, and failed in both efforts. Thomas says that American neutrality added "an extra chapter to the Cubans' compendium of historic charges against the United States." Nevertheless, in the next decade the United States and Cuba began their unequal economic intimacy. The Amer-



"I want you to start thinking about someone new at our house. I want you to start thinking good thoughts about a pussycat."

icans rescued the Cuban sugar industry and started to dominate the Cuban economy. The Cuban sugar business, menaced by technological advances in the rest of the world, needed capital to modernize, and nobody in Cuba had it. By the twentieth century, Cuba—thanks to American investment—was certainly not an undeveloped country, but Cuban economic culture has nevertheless always been undeveloped: it has been short-term rather than long-term, the grasshopper rather than the ant approach to getting and spending. The millionaire Cuban planters who went bankrupt in the eighteen-eighties had made fortunes, but they were spent with a profligacy that—except for Thomas—would be unimaginable to our saving-and-investing culture. Cubans' aversion to economic rationality (as we define it) has lasted; Thomas records that shortly after Castro's agricultural reformers ran into difficulties, in 1961, it had to be a French agricultural expert who pointed out what the Cubans had not noticed: no one was keeping farm accounts. "Socialism cannot work without adequate statistics; for capitalism a guess is often as good."

However, as for rationality, all nations live in glass houses. Our involvement in the next Cuban revolution, in 1895—what we call the Spanish-American War—was easily as unreasoned as Cuban finance, since both the Spanish government and the Cuban revolutionaries were eager for American capital. Adducing economic motivations can impart a wholly misleading air of calculation and rationality to foolish, unrewarding, and irrational behavior. One of the chief proponents of intervention—Hearst—called the American business community, which did not want war (on the practical ground that war was a waste of money), "porcine," and Teddy Roosevelt said the war would benefit "our people by giving them something to think of which isn't material gain." Today, I suppose, we can understand that toward the end of a period of runaway economic development such as the United States knew after the Civil War—a phenomenon that seems everywhere accompanied by crassness and smugness—the younger generation rejects what it considers the materialism of its elders and goes looking for selfless crusades. In this case, Thomas points out, the young idealists could not remember what war is like, and their vigor forced what he calls the "surrender" of older men, who could—including the President, most of his Cabinet, and the Speaker of the House. The

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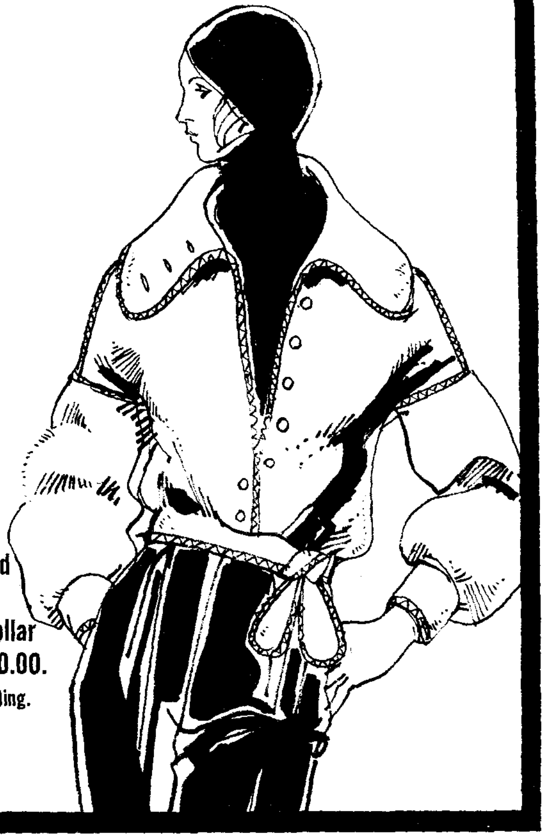

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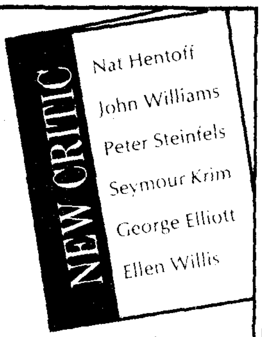

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expansionist mood in this country at the turn of the century resembles Germany's at the same time, especially in its emphasis on having a navy. Thomas mentions the influence on history of Mahan's theories about sea power; one important reason we did not intervene in the first Cuban rebellion but did in the second was that in between we had built a modern navy. Yet the efforts of Germany and America to build up their navies do not at all look like rational strategy; in retrospect, these two nations become two Johnny-come-lately powers imitating the fashion set by the world's senior power, Great Britain. (In the same way, new nations nowadays insist, to the despair of their university-trained economic advisers, on setting up their own international airlines and merchant marines and steel mills, whether they need them or not.)

The characteristic sin of imperialism is contempt, usually compounded by ignorance and lack of interest. American control of Cuba brought gains that cannot be overestimated—everything from the extinction of yellow fever to so much prosperity that under Batista the country's per-capita income was about the highest in Latin America—but these benefits were more than matched by American contempt and high-handedness. The American reader will be grateful for Thomas's intellectual poise, his scrupulous and successful efforts to tell a straight story, and his unwillingness to write an indictment, though he records some of the most depressing chapters in American diplomacy. There is, for one, Sumner Welles as Ambassador to Cuba in 1933, for not quite a year. In that time, through insensitivity, ignorance, scorn for and fear of Cubans, Welles made and remade Cuban governments and achieved almost as much damage as any other ambassador anywhere has ever done. I say "almost" only because he kept calling for the Marines, and Franklin Roosevelt and his Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, declined to send them. After contempt came lack of interest. Welles went home, and Thomas notes, "There is no evidence that, except for discussion of the sugar quota, Cuba ever figured again in the agenda of the United States Cabinet under Roosevelt."

The United States sowed contempt and reaped spite, and in the end the Cubans were the sufferers. Thomas spends half his work on Castro before he took power and on his government's record since then. In this most detailed narrative, Thomas maintains his equanimity, and he tries to see what bright sides

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he can. He tells us that Castro ended the Cuban tradition of treating public office as a public trough; the regime is not either by world standards or by previous Cuban standards at all corrupt. Rural public health is better. And so on. Nonetheless, the man and his government look like a disaster for Cuba. Americans like to forget that American opinion had a lot to do with Castro's rise; Americans asked "Is Castro a Communist?" and got the correct answer to the question: "No;" Castro did not have enough principles to be a Communist. He may, when he was young, have been influenced by Falangist ideas, but at the time he took power he was a charming specialist in breaking eggs, with no particular theories—Fascist, Communist, Socialist—about making omelettes. And yet our obsessive queries about Castro's Communism, Thomas insists, were quite irrelevant, since, as far as he knows—which is pretty far—the Soviet Union embraced Castro most unwillingly. Despite American worries, the Soviet Union had never been greatly interested in Latin America and had given Latin American Communists minimal support until Castro, in an impatient and spiteful exhibition of his unique place in Cuban history, wooed Russia. (Thomas thinks that much of what Americans consider signs of an international Communist conspiracy in Latin America have really been indigenous activities, sometimes encouraged by Spanish Republican refugees, but these people are by no means all Russophiles.) The Russian style of domination being what it is, Cuba's independence is considerably more compromised than it was in the United States' day; we paid for sugar, Thomas notes, in convertible currency, whereas Castro said in 1967 that his foreign commerce was "practically on a barter basis, with so-called exchange money, almost worthless except in the country in which the agreement is held," and the Russians are not in the least shy about the limitations they set on Cuba's initiatives. "We have only to say that repairs are being held up at Baku for three weeks," reported a Russian Embassy official, according to Thomas, "and that's that." Cuba as a state has little freedom, and Cubans as individuals have less, with an exception greatly to Castro's credit: he makes difficulties about but allows emigration.

Thomas's work is much more than a history of Cuban-American relations, though the part the United States once played in Cuba was large. It is a history of Cuba tinged with a humane, never condescending, but simple and direct affection for Cubans. Thomas feels free to make jokes and adverse criticisms, but, as I have said, without nastiness or scorn. This may reflect his view—which I sense in reading him—*that* there is no actual nastiness in the Cubans. They have been wasteful, violent, quarrelsome, impractical; they have never been mean, cowardly, or dour. Their national heroes, from Martí on down, were heroes of world calibre. The panorama of Cuban culture that Thomas gives us is variegated, yet he makes real a national style with particular artistic achievements, and, again, like the Cubans themselves, it is attractive. Since Thomas is a historian, he offers no suggestions about policy, yet I think there is in this work—which contributes so greatly to one's understanding and appreciation of a small country that was once our ward—an implicit prescription: while it is difficult to imagine right now what the United States can do to help the Cubans, we should not do anything to harm them. Assuming—as perhaps we cannot—that we know what we are doing.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HENRY IN A SILVER FRAME, by James Eastwood (McKay-Washburn). Mr. Eastwood, a writer of suspense novels, has written a parody of a parody, in the guise of another suspense novel. The basic idea is that an Italian writer named Marcello finds his imagination blank and therefore commissions two of his innumerable female conquests to commit a crime to provide material for a new book. (He promises his publisher a "faction"—one of the mixtures of fact and fiction craved by the present age.) The two women are an English spinster schoolteacher and a woolly-headed American seventeen-year-old, and they keep Marcello informed of their progress through a series of excited monologues—a device that parodies Nabokov, who himself (in "Lolita," especially) has parodied certain types of romances. Mr. Eastwood has a gentle sense of humor, but even the combined efforts of the two women can barely get his story started, much less keep it going. Perhaps he should try straight comedy.

GENERAL

FAREWELL TO THE SOUTH, by Robert Coles (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A collection of essays and reviews written during the past decade that re-

"Hello, I'm Velma Jerdine, and I'd like to tell you what I did with your money.

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She was the fifth of 16 children. School, when she *went* to school, was brief and superficial. When not in school, she was a laborer, a child doing a man's work on her father's farm near Forest, Miss. She married at 16, went to work as a domestic. She was paid $2.50 every eight days. Through the years, there were other jobs, other struggles. And, always the yearning for the dignity, the privacy you only can have when you don't have to ask someone to read and write your letters. For Velma Jerdine, whose zealous missionary work led her to the third highest office in her church even *without* being able to read, dignity and privacy came from a United Way Urban League reading class. She was the valedictorian. You helped Velma with your contributions through the United Way campaign across the country – and now you're helping others.

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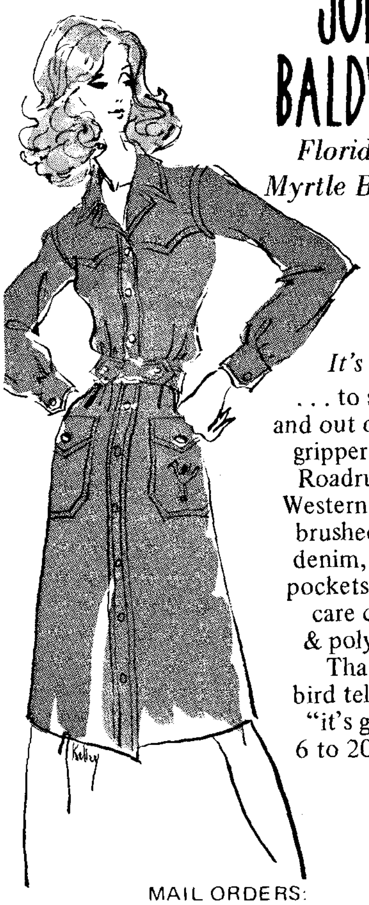

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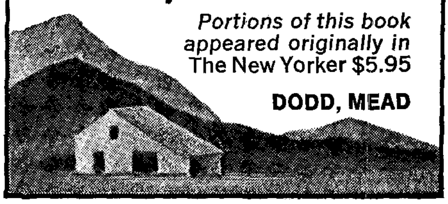

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port or reflect on the author's experiences in the American South—as a doctor investigating health conditions, as a psychiatrist trying to find out about civil-rights volunteers and segregationists, as a chronicler of change, and as a visiting Northerner. Many of Dr. Coles' discoveries are well known, but some are likely to be news to some readers; for example, the very deep fear that some whites and blacks feel for each other, or the inward suffering and self-doubt that afflict some civil-rights workers, or the considerable resilience of Southern black children. Southerners as a group (black and white) give the impression of wavering between the kindest kindness and the toughest toughness; perhaps they are just like the rest of the country, only more so. Three of the essays first appeared in this magazine.

FEDAYEEN, by Zeev Schiff and Raphael Rothstein (McKay). A study of the guerrilla organizations that have been operating against Israel for many years. It amounts to a short course in the Palestine liberation movement. The authors, both of whom work for Israel's leading newspaper, *Ha'aretz*, are calm in their discussion and sympathetic to the bitter plight of the Palestinian exiles, and they bend over backward to be fair; this only emphasizes what seems the wild unreasonableness and insane intractability of the spokesmen for the Arab refugees. The authors review the history of the various fedayeen outfits, with particular focus on the principal one, Fatah. It is all very instructive and, at times, absorbing, but the more one learns of the mentality of these particular specimens of the fanatic, the more one despairs of any kind of peaceful solution to a terrifying problem. The authors, certainly, offer no hope of one. Photographs and a map.

THE DEATH OF THE IMPERIAL DREAM: THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE 1775-1969, by Edward Grierson (Doubleday). This intelligent, attractive history is bounded on its far side by the American Revolution, which—or so the British thought at the time—destroyed the British Empire forever, and on the near side by the failure of the Suez expedition of 1956, which, Mr. Grierson thinks, really did so. Since that failure was to some extent the United States' doing, an Englishman like the author might regard us as incorrigible, but Mr. Grierson's concern is not to blame but to tell and to describe. Like many contemporary Britons, he sees Great Britain as primarily a European power; most of her colonies, he points out, were acquired in wars and rivalries with other European powers rather than as part of a program of overseas expansion. The English, for instance, did not begin by thinking of taking all India for themselves; they meant only to defeat the French forces there. Mr. Grierson's account of British motives and actions is more than persuasive, because he sees them as mixed: idealism and rapacity, indifference and jingo all muddled together.

NOTE: Atlantic-Little, Brown has published "Fire in the Lake," a political and historical study of the conflict in Vietnam, by Frances FitzGerald. Most of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). The end of Inspector Van der Valk. That's right, Mr. Freeling kills him off—has him assassinated—on page 87. Then Mr. Freeling himself takes over; it seems that he and Van der Valk were old friends. But Arlette, Mrs. Van der Valk, is determined to find out why her husband was murdered, and Mr. Freeling gives her her head. This is a most unsatisfactory book, and not only because of the death of its hero. It never recovers structurally from that murder, there is far more palaver than action, Mr. Freeling's tendency to put on literary airs has never been more apparent, and the resolution, when it finally comes, is largely lacking in impact.

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SOCIAL SECURITY
BY HARVEY GARDNER, C.P.A.

Question: Will you please explain why a female born in 1925 needs nine years of coverage to be eligible for social security, while a female born in 1921 needs eight years of coverage? F.M.

Answer: The amount of coverage required depends on date of birth.—*The News.*

You can't fool a C.P.A.

•

Playwright Williams left the party early and unsteadily. "I went to the concert," he explained with an uneasy grin, "and I'm deaf as a poet."—*The Post.*

No gratuitous sniping, please, Mr. Williams.

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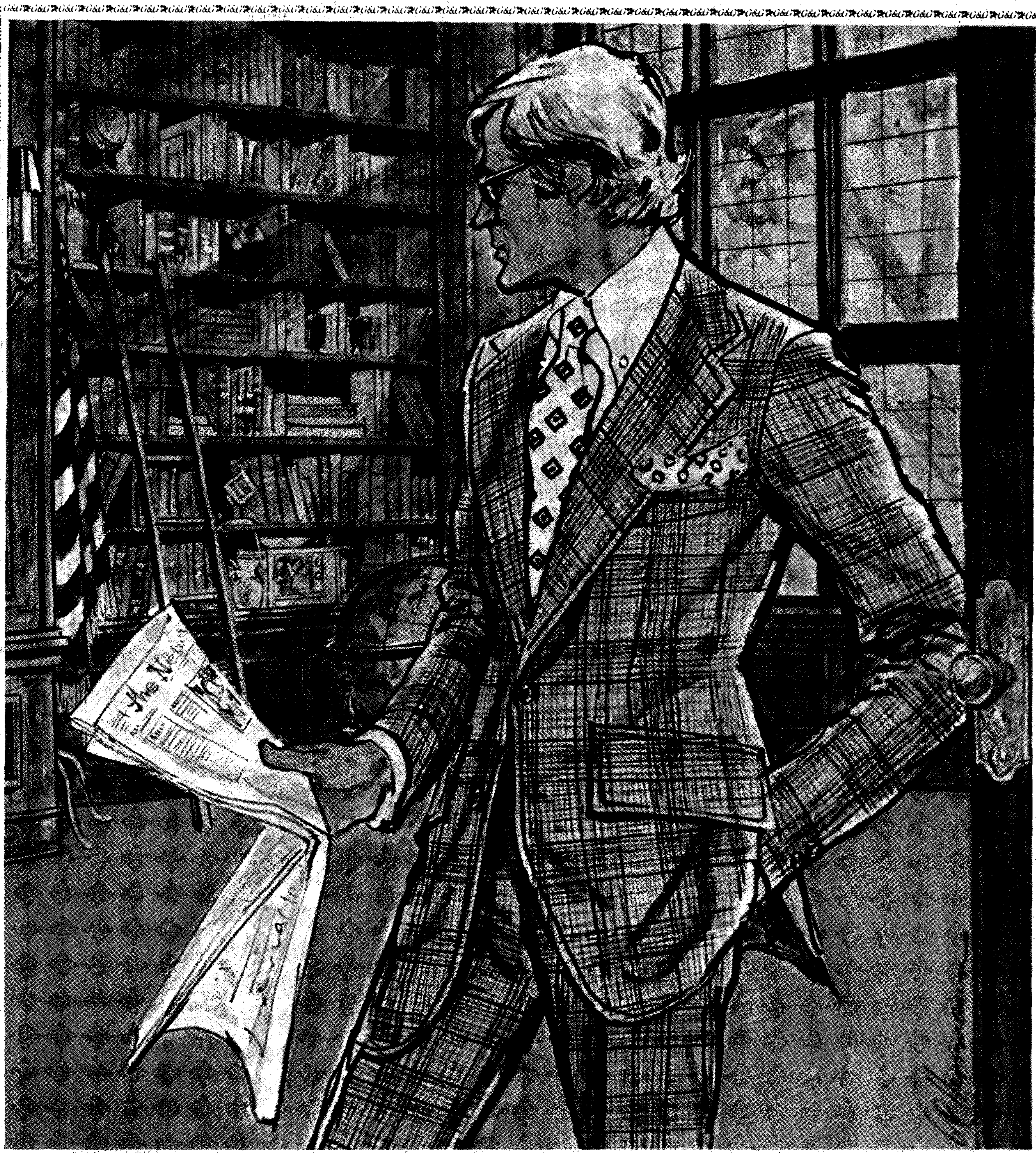

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